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The Critic

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Literature

"The A. L. A. Index"

An Index to General Literature. Biographical, Historical and Literary Essays, Reports, etc. By William I. Fletcher, A.M., with the Co-operation of Many Librarians. \$5. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THERE IS LITTLE for a reviewer to say about a work of this kind except to congratulate the public upon having it. It will benefit not only the general reader, and the thousands of school-children who frequent public libraries—being sent thither to find materials for "compositions"; but it will prove invaluable to what has become, during the last ten years, a still larger body—the members of Chautauqua Circles, Reading Unions, and Home Study Clubs. To all these classes it will probably prove even more useful than indexes to periodicals, since many libraries do not permit serial publications to circulate, and even when volumes of these can be taken home they are so cumbersome that the privilege is rarely used. Besides this, the articles printed in collections of essays are of a higher character than the contents of magazines, even when the former have originally appeared among the latter.

The volume has been announced as in preparation for more than ten years, but as published it contains much less than was planned, so that its title of an "Index to General Literature" is too comprehensive. "Index to Miscellaneous" or "Fugitive Literature" would have described it better. It was expected that it would be a key to the valuable material in the vast mass of official reports, especially those published by the United States and British Governments, but the preface states that "the U. S. Public Documents have been hardly touched upon, only the Consular Reports and a few other recent series being indexed." But the list of books indexed does not mention the Consular Reports, and the indexing of these papers (which, as they are everywhere accessible, ought to have received especial attention) must have been very carelessly done as we have been unable to find any reference to the reports on the Arlberg and St. Gothard tunnels, or the Industries of Persia, Persian carpets, the Forests of Argentina, Banking in Australia, the Bankruptcy and Patent laws of different countries, Figs, Lemons, Olives, Oranges (each a 50-page article), the Russian Press, German Stoves and Universities, etc., Wages in various countries, Ostrich-farming, Post Office and School savings-banks, Underground telegraphy, Wine adulteration, etc. The circulars of the Bureau of Education, also, seem to be inadequately indexed, as we find no reference to the accounts published therein of the American school at Athens, the education of Indians, Tree-planting by schools, Vital statistics of college graduates, etc. These omissions, as well as the total failure to index the Reports of the Geological Survey, are regrettable because information on these subjects is frequently asked for, and is not easily found.

It is difficult to understand on what principles the books to be indexed have been chosen. The editor says the intention was to take "only such books as are found in most of our libraries, the exceptions being generally in favor of books of exceptional value." These are good standards, but, omitting the hundred or so volumes of universal currency, like Macaulay's Essays, the choice seems to have been decided more by whim than system. Why, for example, should "Homes of American Statesmen" be indexed, and not its companion, "Homes of American Authors"? Why Powell's American but not his British Authors? Why the first volume of Sir F. Doyle's lectures and not the second? Why various other books by W. H. D. Adams, but not his "Dwellers on the Threshold," especially as this contains articles on subjects not elsewhere treated, such as Sibyls, the Philosopher's Stone, the Elixir of Life, and other matters constantly alluded to in current literature?

How many librarians, called upon to help would-be answerers of prize questions, would be glad to be referred to such a book as Keightley's Tales and Fictions, which explains the myths of Blondel, Fair Rosamond, and the like, whose names are not to be found in this Index! Why E. W. Atkinson's "Queens of Prussia" (about whose history few persons are curious) and not J. B. Atkinson's "Art Tour," with chapters on Verestchagin, art in the Greek Church, etc., respecting which the Index refers to no other source of supply? Why D. W. Bartlett's "Presidential Candidates" but not his "Modern Agitators"? Why S. G. W. Benjamin's "American Artists" but not his "Atlantic Islands"—referring to Prince Edward Island, the Azores, etc., not elsewhere mentioned? Why J. S. Blackie's "Essays" but not his "Lay Sermons"? Why Mrs. Bolton's "Famous Authors" and "Men of Science" but not her "Famous Statesmen" or "Famous Girls"? Why Bungay's "Off-hand Takings" and not his "Traits of Representative Men"? Why none of the dozen amusing volumes of Sir Bernard Burke, which surely are as estimable and as well-known as most of those just mentioned? Why not so famous a book as Burton's "Book-hunter"? Why the first series of "Essays on Social Subjects" (from *The Saturday Review*) and not the second, by the same author? Why G. W. Greene's "Historical Studies" but not those of John Richard Green? Why no volume by "Christopher North," whose name is tolerably familiar to the student of literature? or by Francis Galton? or Robert Giffen? or "Robert Elsmere" Hill? or Francis Lieber? or Lord Mahon? or Cardinal Manning? or Bishop Stubbs? or Daniel Webster? Why not the "Miscellanies" of Wilkie Collins? Why Mrs. Ellet's "Pioneer Women" and not her "Women Artists"? Why Gostwick's "German Poets" but not his "German Culture"? Why not books treating so many live questions as Jevons's "Social Reform" and Cliffe Leslie's "Essays"? Why Keble's "English Statesmen," but not his "History and Politics"? We do not say, of course, that the books mentioned as excluded are more common or more valuable than those included, but they are not less so, and the list we have given shows how arbitrary has been the principle of selection. The Library Association has waited ten years for this volume; it might well have waited a year longer and doubled the usefulness of the work.

We have not had time to test carefully the accuracy with which individual books are indexed, but have noticed some strange omissions. There is no mention of the paper on the Teutoburger Forest in Bayard Taylor's "By-ways"; there is no reference to the Count of St. Germain or the O. P. Riots, though both these subjects are treated in Mackay's "Popular Delusions," which is said to be indexed. De Quincey's works are included, but we find no reference to his, or any other, articles on the Dress of the Jews, or Coaching, or to his papers on Joan of Arc or Spelling-Reform, or Astrology, or "Wilhelm Meister." If we are to trust this Index, Emerson was silent about the Fugitive Slave Law, the Kansas question, Kossuth, Emancipation in British Colonies, Concord, Mass., the Lord's Supper, Theodore Parker, etc. Other topics to which no references are found, though they are treated in books said to be indexed, are Literary Academies (I. Disraeli); Poerio (Gladstone), Gladstone's autobiography, Literary opposition to the Papacy (Hallam), the Mouse in folk-lore, and the Names of stars (Lang), Frithiof's Saga, Carolingian Romance, Trouvères (Longfellow), Imperial Federation (Morley), and Absolution (Trench).

The arrangement of the entries, also, leaves something to be desired: thus we have, page 124, "Greek Tragedy" and on page 290 "Tragedy, Greek"; on page 52, "Charles of Orleans," and, page 210, "Orleans, Charles, duke of";—"Oxford Movement" and "Tractarians,"—"English literature, influence of Italian on," and "Italian literature, influ-

ence on English"; "Papacy, temporal power of" and "Popes, temporal kingdom of"; "De Maistre," p. 79, and "Maistre, de," p. 180, with no cross-reference in any case. We likewise find one person made into two,—sometimes three—individuals, as "Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia," "Elizabeth, Princess Palatine" and "Elizabeth, daughter of James I."; "Elizabeth, Queen," and "Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII."; "Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I." and, some lines below, "Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of Charles I."; "Stanislaus Augustus," and "Stanislaus Poniatowski"; "Charlotte, daughter of George IV.," and "Charlotte, Princess of Wales"; "Charlotte of Mecklenburg" and "Charlotte, Queen of George III."; "Mary of France" and "Mary, daughter of Henry VII."; "Henry IV.," and "Henry of Navarre"; "William the Silent" and "William I., of Orange"; "Louis II." (of Bavaria) and "Ludwig II."

"The Armies of To-Day"

By Gen. Wesley Merritt, and Others. \$3.50. Harper & Bros.

THOSE WHO are interested in military affairs have no doubt had their attention called to the articles on the prominent armies of the world, which have appeared from time to time in *Harper's Magazine*. The republication of this valuable series in book-form, under the title of "The Armies of To-Day," places at the disposal of the military student a beautifully printed, handsomely bound and superbly illustrated volume, containing a mine of information. Some of the "mining" is rather difficult on account of the peculiar English of one or two of the foreign authors (or their translators). This is especially the case in the article on "The Austro-Hungarian Army," which must be studied with great care to be understood at all; but this criticism is not of general application. An appendix on "The Military Situation in Europe" gives a good idea of the military forces of the minor European states.

The book is especially interesting at the present time, not only on account of the uncertain tenure of peace in Europe, and the consequent demand for accurate knowledge in regard to the numbers, organization and training of European armies, but also because the question of our own national defence is of vital importance. The American people have an inherited repugnance to a large standing army, and have not yet grasped the idea that in view of the phenomenal growth in population and development of resources, there is necessity for an increased military force. In the United States to-day there is only one regular soldier to each 2600 of the population, with no organized reserve in the national service. The so-called National Guard is a fairly well-organized force of State troops, numbering about 112,000. In order to become national, it would have to be mustered into the service of the United States, which would consume more or less time and give rise to not a few perplexing questions. Moreover, most of this force has received so little of the military training demanded by the conditions of modern warfare, that much valuable time would be needed to fit it for war-service against a trained enemy. While the National Guard deserves great credit for what it has already accomplished through its own patriotic efforts, and in the absence of proper support from both State and Nation, it is none the less entirely inadequate as a National Reserve and under the present system must always remain so.

The only troops at the immediate disposal of the United States are those of the Regular Army, 25,000 in number, scattered over the vast territory inhabited by our 65,000,000 people. Of this force not more than one-half could be concentrated at a given point in a week's time, without leaving important posts unguarded. Even Mexico, with a population less than one-fifth that of the United States, maintains a regular army of 40,000, and has an organized national force of 120,000 more. In England, the only European country in which military service is voluntary, there is one soldier to every 183 people. With an abundance of the best raw material in the world from which to form an adequate army and its reserves, this great and prosperous nation is patiently

awaiting the approach of war (which so many believe will never come), relying solely on the patriotism of her untrained sons for defence. Patriotism itself is allowed to lie dormant, fostered, if at all, by individual effort.

The nation has experienced the dreadful calamities always incident to a war waged with an untrained force, and has had the mortification of seeing the seat of government captured and destroyed by a paltry detachment of invaders. Columbia shuts her eyes, but cannot fail to be conscious of the countless lives and enormous treasure unnecessarily sacrificed by a neglect of the advice of the Father of his Country: "In time of peace, prepare for war."

"Children's Rights"

A Book of Nursery Logic. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MRS. WIGGIN is favorably known as a writer of children's books which possess much charm of style and sentiment. This charm, with an element of force and pungency added, reappears in the little collection of essays, in which she has set forth her views on the rights of children, or, more correctly speaking perhaps, on the duties which their parents and guardians and the community at large owe to them. Her brief preface informs us that three of the essays are reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine*, *The Cosmopolitan* and *Babyhood*, and that three others (not inferior to the rest, we may add, in point and grace) have been written for this book by the author's sister, Miss Nora Smith. We are further told, in explanation of the title "Nursery Logic," that all the papers were originally talks given before societies interested in the training of children.

The contents of the volume, in fact, sufficiently show that its conclusions are not those of mere amateur essayists. They have the claim to attention which arises from being the result of personal experience, gained during a practical devotion to the training of children after the methods of Froebel's Kindergarten system. To this experience has been added much reading on the subject, embracing a long course of noted authorities on education, from Plato to Jean Paul Richter and Herbert Spencer. The authors do not, however, confine themselves to these heavy guns, but bring up, with much effect, the lighter artillery of Jacob and William Grimm, W. W. Newell, Charles Kingsley and other popular writers for and about young people. Their most esteemed authorities, however, are naturally Rousseau (as the author of "Emile"), Pestalozzi and Froebel. These they hold to have been the chief benefactors of the human race in modern times, ranking the last of the three high above the others. But in reality Pestalozzi and Froebel, Richter and Herbert Spencer, and all the later writers on social and educational reform, are merely disciples of the famous Genevan philosopher, whose wonderful genius, shining like the early sun through mephitic clouds partly of its own raising, is enlightening and transforming the politics and sociology of our day. It was from Rousseau that Jefferson learned the maxims of our Declaration of Independence, which taught the world that the true bases of government were freedom and equality, and that all members of the community had a like right to the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In these axioms the rights of women and of children are implicitly involved. The ancient system, a legacy from savagery, in which the wife was the servant of the husband and the child was the slave and property of its parents, was, if not shattered at the first blow, fatally undermined, and has since been gradually falling to pieces, under the steady advance of public opinion, directed by many writers and public teachers. The authors of the essays under review may claim to have done excellent work in their special department of this cause. Their appeals for the public guardianship of the rights of children against the many injustices and miseries to which they are subjected, under the relics of the ancient system, are all the more effective from being urged with a pleasant lightness of touch which mitigates the severity of rebuke, and makes these essays very agreeable reading. One recommendation of their

work to cool-headed readers will be that they are by no means fanatical in expecting to perfect the world by any particular method. Mrs. Wiggin writes, in her lively fashion, "A brass-buttoned guardian of the peace remarked to a gentleman on a street-corner, 'If we could open more kindergartens, sir, we could almost shut up the penitentiaries, sir!' We heard the sentiment (she continues), applauded it, and promptly printed it on the cover of three thousand reports; but on calm reflection it appears like an exaggerated statement. I am not sure that a kindergarten in every ward of every city in America 'would almost shut up the penitentiaries, sir!' The most determined optimist is weighed down by the feeling that it will take more than the prosecution of any one reform, however vital, to produce such a result."

It may fairly be added that the most desponding pessimist, who knows anything of the matter, must acknowledge the actual good which the efforts of benevolent enthusiasts like the authors of this book have already accomplished; and that those who desire to aid in this good work cannot do better than to help in making this winning little collection of talks as widely known as possible.

Modern Paraguay

Paraguay: The Land and the People. By Dr. E. de Bourgade La Dardys. Ed. by E. G. Ravenstein, F.R.G.S. \$2.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.

AMONG THE COUNTRIES of South America, Paraguay, though one of the smallest, has had perhaps the most romantic history, and has passed through the most striking vicissitudes. The early Jesuits, in the first flush of their proselyting zeal, found in the heart of the continent a remarkably intelligent, brave and docile Indian people, the Guaranis, and by the sheer force of mental and moral self-devotion reduced them to an extraordinary subjugation. Two hundred years of this domination gave the Indians the habits of civilization, but so completely broke their will as to render them incapable of freedom. After the expulsion first of the Jesuits and then of the Spanish authorities, the natives, accustomed to look up to the whites for direction, became the all-enduring subjects of a remarkable succession of strong-willed despots,—the Dictator Francia, and the two Presidents Lopez, father and son,—whose grandiose projects and freaks of tyranny astonished and amused the world for nearly three generations. In the younger of these rulers the possession of absolute power bred its usual insanity. From a population not exceeding eight hundred thousand souls he levied an army of eighty thousand men, and waged a frantic war against his three formidable neighbors, Brazil, the Argentine Republic and Uruguay, whose united forces were drawn from a population exceeding twelve millions. This unequal conflict was maintained for nearly four years. "Guarani" is said to mean "warrior," and the native soldiery showed that neither civilization nor priestly rule had weakened their hereditary valor. Even the boys, we are told, fell fighting to the last. When the furious despot who led them died under arms at Cerro-Cora in March, 1870, hardly the fourth part of the population with which he commenced the war survived. "No invasion of barbarians such as ravaged Europe in the early centuries," writes our author, "could have wrought more ruin or entailed more misery."

Fortunately, mutual jealousies and doubtless some sentiments of magnanimity prevented the conquerors from imitating the evil example of the allied monarchs who divided Poland. After a time they withdrew their forces, and left the ravaged country to recover its strength under the influences of freedom. Then was seen a notable example of the sweet uses of adversity. The Lopez war, which seemed to be the destruction of the country, proved its redemption. The servile, superstitious, power-worshipping populace had disappeared in the contest, as the servile Israelites of the Exodus had perished in the desert. The few educated whites or half-castes who remained were men of an enlightened and liberal stamp. The native youths who grew up after the

war, and whose mothers had learned its terrible lessons, turned eagerly to the arts of peace. A constitution of the freest character was organized. The country, which had been sealed against foreigners, was thrown open to emigration. Schools were established. Markets were opened. Commerce was invited. The national debt, which was chiefly due to English capitalists, was re-funded, with the consent of the creditors, and partly redeemed by such a judicious use of the public lands as at once restored the national credit and invited settlement. An important railroad was opened, and then sold to Englishmen, who have been able to work it to good profit. Still other railroads are projected, among them one of great promise, originating with the author and two other Frenchmen, and designed to free the commerce of Paraguay from its entire dependence on the river route. It is to exceed 800 miles in length, is to cross Brazil just south of the tropic, and is to have its terminus on the Atlantic at Santos, the chief port of the Province of San Paulo.

For many other particulars showing the remarkable revival and prosperity of this South American Switzerland, under its new regimen of free institutions, the work of Dr. de Bourgade may be referred to with confidence. Though his interests would naturally incline him to paint his subject in bright colors, it cannot be said that there is any evidence of exaggeration in his descriptions. In fact, there is rather a studious avoidance of excess in statement. There is a severe literalness about the book which awakens confidence, if it does not arouse interest. It cannot be pronounced attractive reading, and partakes rather of the style of the encyclopedia and gazetteer than that of the average book of travels or modern history. It is perhaps at once the most authentic and the least entertaining book that has ever been written about Paraguay. A large and carefully compiled map adds to the really great value of the work.

Plays by Henley and Stevenson

Three Plays. By W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson. \$2. Charles Scribner's Sons.

OF THE THREE PLAYS by W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson which make up the very attractive little volume just issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, two at any rate have stood successfully the test of public performance. The first—"Deacon Brodie; or, The Double Life"—has been played in London, Montreal, New York and other cities, while the second, "Beau Austin," when produced by Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the London Haymarket Theatre two years ago, was received with so much favor that it will be revived this season. The third, "Admiral Guinea," so far as the present writer knows, has not yet seen the footlights. "Deacon Brodie," which occupies the post of honor in the book, is beyond comparison the best of the series, and is almost equally good as a bit of theatrical workmanship and a literary sketch. The strong theatrical interest excited by it was generally acknowledged when it was first presented here at a matinee, and, in the present scarcity of good plays, it is rather curious that no manager should have secured it. But then the number of managers capable of recognizing a really good play when they see one is exceedingly small. At all events there can be no doubt that this is a piece altogether out of and above the common run, and the curious thing about it is that its purely theatrical merits are, to the intelligent eye, just as conspicuous upon the printed page as in actual representation. "Deacon Brodie" is a misleading and unsatisfactory title, "The Double Life" being at once more attractive and more significant. It must be pretty generally known by this time that "Deacon" in this case has no religious significance. Brodie, the hero of the play, which might almost be called a tragedy, was simply the master-craftsman of his guild of carpenters, the idol of his family and the pride of his town. By day he was the model son and citizen; by night the head of a band of robbers whose skill and audacity defied all authority. At last there came a day of reckoning and the play, whose action is supposed to occupy only about fifty hours, from Saturday evening to mid-

night on the following Monday, tells the story of the catastrophe. This is done with remarkable compactness and lucidity, the events succeeding each other naturally and rapidly, and exciting an interest which is steadily cumulative from the rise to the final fall of the curtain. The effect is reached not by any mere rehearsal of vulgar crime, although this element is introduced with great freedom and boldness, but by the constant sense of impending and inexorable justice, the gradual tightening of the net around the chief criminal, his headlong descent through the later stages of crime, and the destruction of his last hope by the friends whom he had wronged so bitterly and who would have given their lives to save him. The moral throughout is of the very highest kind, and it is enforced, not by the sentimental platitudes with which the ordinary compiler of plays tries in vain to conceal the poverty of his imagination, but by the stern logic of events and the remorseless exaction of penalties. The different characters are drawn with strong and life-like touch, are contrasted with admirable skill and shrewd knowledge of human nature, and conduct themselves with perfect consistency. A severe critic perhaps might question the probability of an educated and refined man, such as the Deacon is represented to be, becoming the associate of so low an order of criminals, but this, after all, is but a trivial flaw, while the man's superior intellectuality adds bitterness to his punishment, and greatly increases his literary value. Some of the soliloquies put into his mouth are extraordinarily good specimens of terse and pregnant English. All the dialogue, indeed, possesses rare picturesqueness, snap and vitality, some of the scenes reminding the reader of Walter Scott. The whole character of the Procurator Fiscal, whose honesty, impregnable at all other points, succumbs to the temptation of smuggled brandy, would not disgrace the creator of Baile Nicol Jarvie. As for the pathos, that is of the truest kind, without a trace of whine or cant. The play, in a word, is one of the very best of its class written in the last quarter of a century and is well worthy of a careful production. The Deacon in the hands of such an actor as E. S. Willard, for instance, would be a great character.

It is difficult to understand the enthusiasm with which "Beau Austin" has been greeted by some of the London reviewers. The most that can be said in its favor is that it is a more or less clever imitation of the style of the artificial comedy of three-quarters of a century ago, especially with regard to its exaggerations and affectations, and that it exhibits throughout familiarity with and appreciation of literary methods. It is also fairly accurate, doubtless, as a superficial sketch of the manners of the period, but as a study of life, or an illustration of nature, it will not stand the test of examination. The heroine, after making all due allowance for the supposed circumstances of the case, becomes the victim of the seducer far too easily, considering her to be the embodiment of all the feminine beauties, and after her fall, in view of her undying devotion to her betrayer, it is almost inconceivable that she should refuse to be his wife when he offers her the only reparation in his power. The conduct of the Beau himself, a professional lady-killer, in subjecting himself to the utmost humiliation to regain as a wife the mistress whom he had deserted with the supremest indifference and selfishness, is no less contradictory. Beaux did not act in that way when "George the Third was king," nor do they now. As for the true lover who brings about this startling reformation he is very little more human than the rest. The merit of the piece, in a theatrical sense, is that it affords some excellent opportunities to a skilled actor of eccentric parts like Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and it is to the performance of this gentleman, doubtless, rather than to its own intrinsic worth that the piece owes its reputation.

"Admiral Guinea," to which the date of 1760 is assigned, is neither more nor less than an old-fashioned nautical melodrama and not a particularly good specimen of the kind. The hero is the conscience-ridden ex-captain of a privateer, turned Puritan in his old days, and the interest centres chiefly in the attempt of one of his former sailors, an old blind rep-

robate called Pew, to rob him. The construction of this piece is as primitive as the story, but the character of the fanatical old skipper is drawn vigorously, while Pew is about as black a specimen of the deep-sea stage pirate of T. P. Cooke's day as could be imagined. The only real touch of dramatic fancy in the piece is in the robbery scene where the blind Pew is confronted with the sleep-walking Captain. "Admiral Guinea" is judiciously put at the end of the volume, being in every respect the least meritorious of the three plays. The book is delightfully printed.

Recent Fiction

THE NEW ENGLAND character under the consciousness of sin is a very curious study. It was one which possessed a fascination for Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the portrayal of which he drew with the touch of genius. It is the key-note to "Jane Field," Miss Wilkins's latest book, called a novel; and it is the cause of the final overthrow of Jane Field's reason. In this story Miss Wilkins makes an attempt to enlarge the scope and horizon of her work, and to lift the history of Jane Field's mental derangement from the limit of the short story to the realm of larger fiction. We cannot congratulate the author on her achievement. Her accomplishment is not in the newer line, but in that older and well-tried one in which she is so perfect a mistress. Jane Field, much tempted, long-suffering, and tortured by the declining health of her daughter, finally saw the way out of poverty by personating her dead sister, who had had a legacy left her by the family of the man who had rendered Jane Field poor. When the lawyer in the strange village greeted Jane by her sister Esther's name, and when others who had known her sister did the same, the temptation was too great to resist, and she accepted what seemed to be a gift of fate, and received the fortune. She did more than that. Having forsaken her heritage of integrity, her reason forsook her, and she removed to live in the village of the estate among the disappointed heirs. The final catastrophe shows that this action was but one of the steps in her total derangement, else the author would have to answer for some very strange manipulation of human probability, as indeed she does already in allowing Jane Field and her daughter to live in false positions so long without discovery in a gossiping little village. This is the outline of Miss Wilkins's novel. Simple, direct, all bearing on the one phase of a poor creature's maternal anguish and mental undoing, it is essentially a short story. As of old, she has given us the same marvellous word-pictures, the same quaint village characters, the same deep, suppressed feeling, the same little tender touches, as delicate and dainty and precise as the rosebuds on a Dresden plate; she has given us a few more neighbors and a few more scenes; but she has not changed the form of her story,—unconsciously, but immutably, as the gem fulfils the law of crystallization, it has, like the earlier tales, followed out a law of form unwittingly given it by the author's brain. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)

"WHERE DUTY LIES," by Silas K. Hocking, is a very well-told tale, full of the deeper motives of life and enlivened by careful character study. The plot of the story is that of a girl who was kidnapped when she was a child from her father and mother, people of quality, and who was brought up by the eccentric old man who carried her off to believe that she was his daughter. The man who discovered her living in the wilds of Cornwall and suspected, from a remarkable tale which the old man gave him as material for a story, that the girl had been stolen from her people, was a young shop-keeper, who finally was the means of restoring her to her family, and who, it is needless to add, in the end won her love. Although the plot of the story is managed with dramatic skill, and the incidents are original, and there is considerable local color of the Cornish coast, the chief interest lies in the development of character—in the brooding, revengeful solitude of the old recluse who carried the heroine off and who killed himself in a moment of insane fury when his act was discovered; in the stalwart manfulness of the young shop-keeper who felt himself so out-classed after the heroine had returned to her people, and, finally, in the recognition of his worth by her proud and conservative father. It is the natural management of these questions which gives the book a tone of reality and lifts it above fiction of the ordinary sort. (\$1.25. Fred's Warne & Co.)

STORIES FOR CHILDREN and about them have always seemed to belong peculiarly to the holiday time—the Christ-child season. It is their festival—the moment of all the year when the whole world rejoices in their presence and tries to interpret their thoughts and their wishes. No one has done this with more sagacity and poetic sympathy than Mrs. Deland in her little volume called "The Story of a Child." Here is a book that gives most marvellous, perfect

pictures of the child-world—the strange, fanciful imaginings; the grotesque, distorted ideas; the intense, bitter wrongs; the self-pity and the self-blame; the exaggerated earnestness and sense of honor; the love of the spectacular emotional visions where all the "grown-ups"—the cruel grandmothers, aunts and mothers—in weeping array ask forgiveness for all the injustices they have committed upon the injured and long-suffering little nieces and children. Mrs. Deland remembers or has divined the heart-burnings as well as the delicious imaginings of these little people, and no scenes could be more happily described than these—*vis.*, the one where demure, poetic little country Ellen initiated the selfish and shallow city Effie into the mysteries of the play of "Martyrs," and was "walled up" in the old brick oven in the back yard, from whence she was dragged, just as she was declaring she would "never recant," in sooty and disgraced condition by Betsy Jane and sent off to bed, where she "prayed a great deal with that bitter piety which is a form of resentment and is not confined to adolescence";—the one where they played worshipping the Burmese idol; and burnt candles and rice before the grotesque figure—which Ellen knew was horribly wicked, yet from which she could not tear herself, because she was "tasting sin with the subtle epicurean delight of the artistic temperament," the remorse of which afterwards made her cry out, "Oh! shall I go to hell? Will it be visited upon the third and fourth generation? Oh! Miss Jane, will all my children go to hell too?"—and the one where cunning Effie works Ellen up to the point of running away from her bad grandmother, who didn't understand her; and she herself backs out at the last moment from accompanying Ellen, because she had to have a dress fitted; while Ellen, with beating heart and with best leghorn hat and shoes in valise, marches off into the great unknown, too proud to break her promise to Effie, and yet stung by her defection. Who has not gone through such scenes of intensity and self-laudation, where the highest aim was to pardon some flagrant personal outrage in a theatrical and sententious manner, or die a glorious death, mourned by all the hitherto cold and cruel relatives? Such a story Mrs. Deland has told with the charm and skill that always characterize her handiwork. (\$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"ST DUNSTAN'S CLOCK," by E. Ward, is a very delightful story of the great fire of London in 1666. The characters of the book live in two timbered houses just by the old church—two old houses, in fact, that marked the limit of the fire and that were being torn down when the book was on the press—and the anxiety and concern they express at the terrible devastation of the flames are so real that the reader, be he juvenile or grown-up, cannot fail to receive a very vivid impression of that moment. The book is illustrated by old plates, and the vicinities talked about are so familiar to history and romance, and the people of the story so quaintly old-fashioned, yet human, that the book is a very good representation of a class of literature that thrives in London—a class of literature impossible in America, where the inquiring youth wants the newest adventures in stocks and the latest invention in steam and electricity written up in such a way that he can imagine himself the hero of the hour, and would scorn the simple annals of a "prentice to a watchmaker, who earned a few shillings a year and served his master with fidelity and docility, if the story appeared to refer in the remotest degree to a previous social state of his own country. Old St. Dunstan's Church was torn down in 1832, but the clock with its bronze men, Gog and Magog, that beat upon the bells was removed to Regent's Park where it still hammers out the time. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)

IN "KIN-DA-SHON'S WIFE," Mrs. Eugene S. Willard, for many years Missionary to Alaska, has told a startling story of the conditions under which the native Alaskan exists. To the ordinary New Yorker, living in a city where the mitigation of poverty and the suppression of cruelty are looked after by numberless increasing societies, and where the suffering inflicted by summer heat makes a large body of the community give enough money for an equally large body of the people to leave the city, the torture and brutality endured by the tribes in that savage country will seem incredible. Mrs. Willard has put her message to the well-housed and the comfortable of the temperate zones in the form of a story. Thus it is easier to draw pictures of manners and customs; figures of speech; conditions of life and death; the disposition for evil, and the endurance of suffering—the unregenerate and horrible state of social existence in that Northern country. In her preface she explains her object in writing the book. The value of previous reports about Alaskan character and native children rendered to a Committee of United States Senators prove her knowledge of the subject. United with the poetic and fanciful speech of the Red Indian, the Alaskan possesses his ferocity of nature and his insensibility to pain, either witnessed or felt. The reader receives clinging pictures, that haunt the memory, of great

family houses of one huge room opened into by one door and lighted by the struggling rays that enter from the hole in the roof through which the smoke and the fire escape, where dozens of men, women and children are born, live and die; of young girls imprisoned for months and years in dark cell-like caves adjoining the family house, where they cannot stand up straight, merely for the purpose of making them more marriageable; where it is a crime, to be expiated by death, to marry one belonging to the same tribe, and yet where girls of twelve wed their grandfathers, and boys their grandmothers; where torture of the most revolting kind is nourished by the superstitions of the people, and where the medicine-man plies his fiendish trade. These pictures and others Mrs. Willard's book will give the reader with a force and clearness that will banish, for the time at least, more comfortable ones of glowing firesides in happy, tender homes. (\$1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co.)

IT IS WITH no little curiosity that one takes up the first piece of fiction written by so eminent a critic as Mr. Edmund Gosse, and it is with no little satisfaction that one finds that he who is familiar with all literatures and has all languages at his command has chosen to tell a simple romance of mediæval history. "The Secret of Narcisse" is the tale of a poor martyred sculptor who in 1554, in the town of Bar-le-Duc, excited the superstitious horror of his townsfolk by carving out of white sycamore a skeleton, which he curiously fitted together with springs of such skilful mechanism that it would play a tune with its tapering fingers on a zither, which it held in its hands. For this marvellous achievement, which the enraptured artist called his Musical Maiden, the dreamy, spiritual Italian was put to a cruel and ignominious death. All during its completion he had lived in a state of silent delight—carefully concealing his treasure—little understood by his coarser neighbors, and an object of suspicion even to his fiancée. Indeed, it was she who in a moment of pique started the rumor of witchcraft for which her lover afterwards suffered death. Through such means the rabble reduce the ranks of genius. Narcisse Gerbillard had been a pupil of the great and arrogant Ligier Richier. Stung by the teacher's disappointment at his lack of originality, Narcisse had created the Musical Maiden with which to fulfil his right to be re-established in his teacher's affection. But not even the idol of his fancy survived the frenzy of his accusers, and when he begged, just before his death, that his maiden might be sent to his old master, he had the crushing blow that his beautiful image was burnt. The touching story is told with feeling and dramatic force. (\$1. Tait, Sons & Co.)

"IN THE SERVICE OF RACHEL LADY RUSSELL," by Mrs. Marshall, is a sympathetically written tale of that honorable and martyred statesman Lord William Russell and his beautiful and accomplished wife. Mrs. Marshall has told the story of the famous scene where Lady Russell acted as amanuensis for her husband during the Rye House trial with feeling and simple pathos. If we remember rightly, there is a picture in the National Gallery in London called the "Parting of Lord Russell and his Wife," which illustrates with remarkable feeling the heroism and noble composure of these two beings, whose chief object to the end was to save each other useless suffering. No tears were shed; it was a farewell that strengthened and sustained. Such also is the character which Mrs. Marshall portrays in her very attractive story, and throughout the book it is the sweetness, not the gloom, of life in those troublous times that the author dwells upon. The book is illustrated by plates of old-time buildings and squares, and would supplement a child's study of history in the reign of Charles II. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)

"BY SUBTLE FRAGRANCE HELD" is a little book published with a decorative cover in green, containing the picture of climbing honeysuckle, and introduced by a dedication to a lady whose garden was her "sanctuary." From the title, the cover, the dedication and a prefatory verse from *Thanatopsis* the reader will suspect that the author, Mary Fletcher Stevens, has a poetic temperament which makes her particularly sensitive to the influence of Nature. The reader will not be wrong; nearly all the events in the life of the heroine are decided in a garden where, like another example in literature, she is pretty constantly to be found. The story is simply and pleasantly told, and if "Maud" and Frances Russell had not just the same questions to decide, those of the more modern heroine will doubtless seem none the less important to her readers. The book is a sincere effort to speak of the sincere things of life and to teach that "sweetness and light" of which Matthew Arnold has so often spoken. (\$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—"MY FLIRTATIONS" is a charmingly printed book, bound in an original style and illustrated by admiral pictures made by I. Bernard Partridge. The contents are by Margaret Wynman, who figures as the heroine

of the book and describes her flirtations with her dozen or so suitors in a crisp, nervous style that gives a great deal of dash to observations on society otherwise flippant and vacuous. This tone of sang-froid is maintained to the end of the volume, and while the author has succeeded in a very clever way in hitting off many types of men and has strung her nonchalant remarks together on some general plan, the book is very far from being more than a series of chapters written by some one with the chief end in view of being amusing and ironical. This makes a readable enough book for the moment, but the impression it leaves can hardly be said to be lasting or deep. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Magazine Notes

THE FRONTISPIECE of the March *Century* is a portrait of the first Napoleon taken from a bas-relief that Joseph Bonaparte left in his will to his friend Joseph Hopkinson, at whose death it passed into the hands of his daughter, the late Mrs. Elizabeth Biddle of Philadelphia, whose brother, Mr. Oliver Hopkinson, upon inheriting it, turned it over to the Historical Society of Philadelphia, where all who wish to may see it, and it is well worth seeing. The portrait is published apropos of an article describing "Napoleon's Deportation to Elba," by "the officer in charge" (see p. 136), which adds an interesting and virtually new chapter to the history of that extraordinary man. The opening number of the magazine, if we may borrow a musical expression for a story that has music for its theme, is "The Violoncello of Jufrow Rozenboom," by Mrs. Anna Eichberg King, a lady who has made a speciality of musical stories, and with success. Mr. Janvier gives the second instalment of "An Embassy to Provence," which deals with Avignon and the little band of poets that make that lovely place their home, among whom the late Joseph Roumanille was the leading spirit, and of whom a portrait is given showing him to look like a jovial edition of Walt Whitman. We are pleased to notice "to be continued" at the end of Mr. Janvier's paper. The instalment of the "Letters of Two Brothers," Wm. T. and John Sherman, brings this valuable correspondence down to the end of the war. We look for the name of Mrs. M. G. van Rensselaer at the foot of a paper on Westminster Abbey, and find that of Henry B. Fuller instead. A page-portrait of Camille Saint-Saëns accompanies a paper, short but comprehensive, on that composer by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel. Edmund C. Tarbell is the subject of a short criticism by Mr. W. Lewis Fraser, which is emphasized by a page-engraving from a painting by the artist called "My Sister Lydia."

A delicate engraving entitled "March," made direct from Nature by W. B. Closson, opens the March number of *Scribner's Magazine*. We published last week some extracts from "Audubon's Story of His Youth," which is here in its entirety, and of which every line is worth reading. "The Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway," by Selah Merrill, with its illustrations, gives the reader peculiar sensations, for he is not used to associating his landmarks of Bible history with the shriek of the locomotive. Mrs. Burnett's semi-autobiography goes bravely on till it finds itself back up against "A Saharan Caravan." All who are interested in literary matters will read the study of "French Symbolists," by Aline Gorren, and all who are interested in philanthropic work, a growing class by the way, will read "The Work of the Andover House in Boston," by William Jewett Tucker. The principal illustrations in this article are by Walter Shirlaw, and they are so free in their handling and so artistic in their feeling that we are surprised that more of Mr. Shirlaw's drawings are not seen in the magazines. A peculiar interest attaches to the picture of "The Cedars," which was the last drawing made by the late C. P. Cranch, and so far as is known the last engraving done by the late Frederick Juengling. Mr. Cranch had intended to send a poem with the illustration, but he died before it was finished.

The February *Cosmopolitan* staggers the reader by its apparent timeliness. One of the two "starred" articles of the month is "James G. Blaine," by T. C. Crawford, once a well-known Washington correspondent; but a reading of the paper shows it to have been written before Mr. Blaine's death. It is just as timely in a way, however, as if it had been written since that event, and is pitched in the true *nil nisi bonum* key. Mr. Julian Hawthorne has an amusing article on "June 1993," in which there may be true prophecy, though we do not think so now. Dr. E. E. Hale, A. S. Hardy, W. D. Howells, Robert Bridges and S. G. W. Benjamin are among those whose pens enliven this number.—If anyone doubts Chicago's assured place in the literary world, he has only to read the opening article in the February *New England Magazine*. The writer, Mr. Wm. Morton Payne, takes a hopeful view of the situation, and believes that Chicago, "having sufficiently astonished the world by her commercial prosperity, is preparing a final astonishment in the form of an intellectual development that will overshadow her ma-

terial achievements." Following this literary paper is a poem with a literary subject, "Prophets," by Nathan Haskell Dole, "to the memory of John Greenleaf Whittier," and one by Edward A. Uffington Valentine on the Nemesis that pursues literary folk—"Insomnia." The number is for the greater part made up of historical papers of various degrees of interest. Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte is still to be found in his wonted "Corner at Dodely's."

"Our Own Riviera" is what Julian Ralph, in the March *Harper's*, calls Florida, and his description, together with Mr. W. T. Smedley's illustrations, would make it appear as if the compliment were not misapplied. "The Escorial," the famous palace and monastery of Spain, is described by the late Theodore Child, and as the last contribution of the accomplished author to this magazine it has a peculiar interest. The illustrations are not the least interesting part of the article, which brings vividly before us a treasure-house with which we cannot be too familiar. In quite another way, but none the less interesting, is Mr. Henry M. Stanley's "Slavery and the Slave Trade in Africa," which gives us an authoritative account of that vile traffic, and of the efforts being made for its suppression. Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson turns his attention to the official side of "Washington Society" this month, and tells of receptions at the homes of Senators and of Cabinet Ministers and at foreign legations, and makes us feel that one season of such a life would be about as much as one could well survive. A sketch of William Astor Chanler, the young New Yorker who is now exploring the heart of Africa, by Richard Harding Davis, is a model of its kind, and the portrait of the youthful explorer shows him to possess, in his face at least, all the characteristics his friend gives him credit for. A feature of the number is a novelette by Mrs. Margaret Deland called "The Face on the Wall." While there is a New England atmosphere hanging over part of the story, the other part is in a new vein for this author, and proves that her talents are not limited by geographical lines.

Captain Charles King leads the charge in *Lippincott's Magazine* for March with a "complete novel" called "Waring's Peril." It would be taking undue advantage of the readers of this magazine to tell the plot of Captain King's story. Enough to say that like its predecessors, by the same author, it is a military tale, lively and full of action as an early morning "scrimmage." In the *Journalists Series* there is "The Newspaper Woman's Story," by Elizabeth G. Jordan, which would be strange reading to our ancestors who had a different idea of woman's "sphere" than is prevalent today. The writer of the sketch gives certain of her own experiences which might have unnerved some reporters of the sterner sex. Charles Robinson tells of "Some Queer Trades" that are carried on in New York and of which few New Yorkers know anything. "The Rose of the Mire" is the title of the first of a series of "Notable Stories" to be published in *Lippincott's*. A story will be printed in this series each month until including December; then they are to be collected and published in book-form. The royalty on the book will be paid to the author of the tale which is voted the most popular by the readers of the magazine. *Lippincott's* is never lacking in ideas. The "complete novel in each issue" originated in that periodical.

The Idler comes to us this month bearing the imprint of S. S. McClure, publisher. This, however, is not the magazine that is to bear Mr. McClure's name as its title. *The Idler* is edited by Jerome K. Jerome and Robert Barr, and it is published in England, but there is much in it that is as interesting to Americans as to Englishmen. For instance, the novelist who writes of "My First Novel" is Miss M. E. Braddon, who, we are sure, has a large following in this country, and the Lion who is bearded in his den is Mr. George Grossmith, who is at present convulsing New York audiences. Some time ago our own Mark Twain wrote a serial for *The Idler*, and now our ex-own, W. L. Alden, once "funny man" of the *Times*, is writing for it, and so is he who is twice a Jerome and who is as popular here as in his own country. Altogether *The Idler* is not an insular magazine, and by a judicious mingling of English and American favorites in its table-of-contents tickles the palate of two continents.—*The Review of Reviews* for March is abreast of the times. The "features" of the number are "Two Characterizations" of Phillips Brooks—the one an "English Estimate and Tribute," by Archdeacon Farrar; the other on the dead prelate's "Power and Method as a Preacher," by the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Thwing of Chicago; "A Study in Four Careers" (Blaine, Lamar, Hayes, Butler), by Harry Pratt Judson, Dean of the Chicago University, and "America in Hawaii." All these articles are illustrated, and their timeliness give evidence of the journalistic training of the American editor, Dr. Albert Shaw.

There is something exceedingly attractive about the March *Atlantic*, which we think must be its fine literary flavor. Dr. E. E. Hale begins the recollections of his college days in this number, and he promises to be as delightful in these new pages as he was in his "New England Boyhood." Further promise is unnecessary. The venerable Rev. Dr. Wm. Henry Furness gives us a lot of delightful "Random Reminiscences of Emerson," of whom he says he cannot remember the time when he was not acquainted with him. Their earliest acquaintance began somewhere in babyhood, which is certainly as early a start as one could get, and it continued until Emerson's death. They learned their A, B, C's together at a Dame's school in Summer Street, Boston. They also went to writing school together, and he marvelled how Emerson, who worked so hard "with his tongue out, moving in accord with his pen," ever learned to write so flowing a hand as he finally achieved. Emerson entered college a year after Dr. Furness, but they were as intimate as though one had not been a lordly sophomore while the other was only a humble Freshman. Miss Agnes Repplier, who is so well harvesting the almost deserted field of the essayist, writes upon "Words" and cautions the writer who deals solely in that abused commodity. Mr. Lafcadio Hearn treats us to a Japanese story "Of a Dancing Girl," which proves to one person at least that he has absorbed more of the poetry of the Orient than has Sir Edwin Arnold, who is popularly supposed to have a monopoly of it. In "A Great Lady of the French Restoration" we have the thrilling story of the Duchesse de Gontaut, while in striking contrast we read of "An English Family in the Seventeenth Century," founded by John Foster Kirk on the "Memoirs of the Verney Family during the Civil War." There is a paper on "Persian Poetry," by Sir Edward Strachey, and there is some poetry not Persian, by Mr. James B. Kenyon and Miss Louise Imogen Guiney. Altogether there is more than one evening's agreeable reading in this number of *The Atlantic*.

Boston Letter

HOW ANNOYING it must be to an author to have his work appear in mangled form, especially when it is a poem. But yet, say the editors, what are the enterprising newspapers to do when the public is waiting for each edition and when there is no other way for securing a copy except by rushing the report? Dr. Holmes's poem read by him before the school superintendents at the meeting of the National Educational Association in Boston last week came before the public in a form which must have made the author shudder. In fact when I dropped a note to him asking for the correction of certain lines which I knew must be wrong he replied that the lines as printed were so mangled and mutilated that he hardly recognized them. He had therefore sent a corrected version to *The Evening Transcript*; but, by one of those perverse tricks of the impish little black types, even in that revised version "thoughts unwearied" was turned into "thoughts and wearied." The poem in its absolutely correct form reads as follows:—

Teacher of teachers! Yours the task,
Noblest that noble minds can ask,
High up Aonia's murmurous mount,
To watch, to guard the sacred fount
That feeds the streams below,
To guide the hurrying flood that fills
A thousand silvery rippling rills
In ever-widening flow.

Rich is the harvest from the fields
That bounteous Nature kindly yields,
But fairer growths enrich the soil
Ploughed deep by thought's unwearied toil
In Learning's broad domain.
And where the leaves, the flowers, the fruits,
Without your watering at the roots,
To fill each branching vein?

Welcome! the Author's firmest friends,
Your voice, the surest Godspeed lends.
Of you the growing mind demands
The patient care, the guiding hands,
Through all the mists of morn.
And knowing well the future's need,
Your prescient wisdom sows the seed
To flower in years unborn.

In the first version printed in the newspapers, the poem was not addressed to the "teachers of teachers," but to some individual "teacher of teachers," "Aonia" was turned into "Ionia," and the "murmurous mount" became the "marmorous mount." The desire to destroy the plural seemed to be omnipresent, for the "streams" were cut down to a single "stream," and "fairer growths" became "fairer growth." "Vain" was transformed into "plain." The "Author" was thrown into insignificance by the use of the small letter "a" instead of the capital, and "Godspeed"

became "God's deed." But worst of all was the mutilation of the last line—to say nothing of the error by which the "and" at the beginning of the third line from the last was turned into "you,"—for this last line, instead of reading "To flower in years unborn," became "To fire the years unborn."

No wonder Dr. Holmes wrote these words:—"An expression of good-will to a visiting association, in the form of a rhymed impromptu, is not likely to be the subject of severe criticism. If it answers its momentary purpose its author may be contented. But if, without his permission, without his revision, a distorted and disfigured version of his lines is given to the public by a newspaper reporter, he has a right to feel aggrieved. Such was my feeling on reading the lines printed as mine in the papers of Friday morning. I have no remedy but to print a correct version of my 'Impromptu' exactly as it was when read at the meeting of the Superintendents of Education. I hope that the papers for which I have often revised and corrected my manuscripts will, in justice to me, copy it as written. As a *tour de force*, written in blinding haste, on a sudden notice, immediately before delivery, it claims an apology, if it needs one."

Most pleasant indeed was the greeting which the genial Autocrat received from the teachers. A reception was given by the book publishers of Boston and Dr. Holmes was the guest of honor. Mr. Houghton of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. delivered the address of welcome, and then Dr. Holmes arose. He told in a pleasant, off-hand manner how the speech and poem came into existence. Up to 10:30 that morning he had supposed the whole gathering would be informal for which nothing would be prepared. But when the elegantly printed, copper-plate invitation came to his door at that hour it necessitated some thinking on his part. Evidently he does not believe much in the ordinary run of impromptu, for he declared that he was inclined to think that a good many of them had cost many sleepless nights. But he certainly had not thought of writing this poem until that moment, three hours before, when the invitation came to him. As he said in his humorous way, he rushed so fast in the work that when he got into his coach at 1:30 his hand was shaking and he was like a demented person; and then he added in his own quaint manner as he took up the verses, "If I can read them I will. I hope I shall like them myself." In his address he spoke also of the sympathy he had with instructors from the fact that he had been for 35 years a professor in Harvard College and two years before that a professor in Dartmouth and had enjoyed very much the relations he had with the students in both places. Many of those acquaintanceships had lasted until the present time, he added, and it was very pleasant now and then to have a bald-headed man come up to him and tell him he was one of his boys thirty or forty years ago. Dr. Holmes also spoke of his pleasure at seeing in the examples at Wellesley and Cambridge Annex how the intellects of the fair sex matched with those of the sterner; and he alluded to the growth of subdivision in teaching, at which elaborated division he poked a little surface fun.

At this meeting of school superintendents, the following officers were elected:—President, Dr. D. L. Kieble of Minnesota; Vice-President, Warren Easton of New Orleans; Secretary, F. Trendley of Youngstown, O.

It will be remembered that sometime ago the women of Connecticut raised \$1000 to secure a bust of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe for the library of the Women's Building at the World's Fair. Mrs. Anne Whitney of Boston, whose statue of Lief Ericson on Commonwealth Avenue is so familiar, completed the bust several days ago and exhibited it to Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker and other friends. They pronounced it a beautiful portrait, showing a strong face with an expression of delicate humor about the mouth, a happy combination and one which is said to be characteristic of Mrs. Stowe. Ultimately the bust is to be placed in the Public Library at Hartford. The fund was raised by the women of Connecticut from children and others who contributed ten, fifteen and twenty-five cents.

The administrator's sale of the paintings of the late J. Foxcroft Cole has been very successful. On the first day the average price was about \$80 each and on the second day the average price rose to \$137. The highest price was \$700 paid by Mr. Henry Sayles for the "Coast of Normandy, Looking Towards Havre." This picture, it is said, goes to the Somerset Club. The Museum of Fine Arts secured at private sale "The Normandy Pastoral" and the St. Botolph Club obtained "The Hay Cart, Hampshire." The total sum secured for the pictures was \$18,128.

Mr. Cutter, Librarian of the Boston Athenæum, has declined a reelection, and sails for Europe to recruit his health. William Coolidge Lane, Assistant Librarian of Harvard College, has been selected to take his place, and will begin his duties on April 1.

The tribute which the Wardens and Vestry of Trinity Church paid to Phillips Brooks was heartfelt. On motion of the Hon.

Robert C. Winthrop, they unanimously passed a vote expressive of their grief, repeating what so many have said in praise of Dr. Brooks for his general work and adding, "It is for us, however, as the wardens and vestry of Trinity Church to remember and honor him not so much as a bishop or as a philanthropist or as a powerful and magnetic preacher, but as a faithful, devoted and beloved rector for Trinity Church." They alluded also to the bequest of \$2000 by Bishop Brooks for the completion of Trinity Church, and declared that that hope cannot fail of being at once fulfilled, making the grand building a noble monument to his memory.

BOSTON, Feb. 28, 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Evert Van Muyden, the Etcher

THE DUTCH GENIUS seems to be born to the management of acid and etching needle like the Hungarian to the fiddle. That peculiar quality of the bitten line that charms the eye, as the twang of the catgut does the ear, apart from all music or meaning, is seldom attained by one not of Dutch birth or blood. It is a national gift. Other countries produce "painter-etchers"; Holland alone produces etchers. Mr. Evert Van Muyden, whose works are at present to be enjoyed at Keppel's gallery, was born near Rome but comes of Dutch stock. His subjects are mostly from the



EVERT VAN MUYDEN

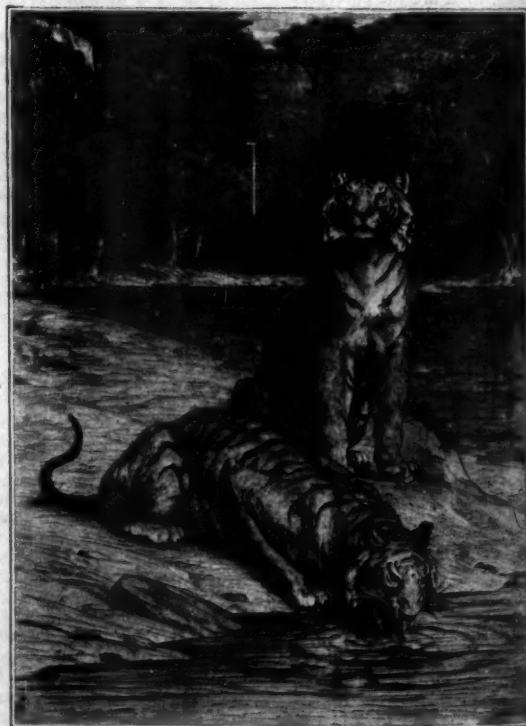
neighborhood of Rome, and he seems to have made a special study of those magnificent bulls of the Campagna whose dewlaps and spreading horns have for ages been the admiration of artists. The goats and goat-herds, beggars and peasants have not been forgotten; and there is a picturesque study of the marble quarries at Carrara, with a team of his favorite oxen hauling forth a huge block. Everything that is curious or grand in the animal creation seems to appeal to Mr. Van Muyden; his tigers will almost compare with those of Delacroix or Barye; and he has sketches of dogs, horses, monkeys and cats, each kind as good as though he had never done anything else. Of the studies for his etchings many are pen-drawings, and, in some cases, the same motive is again repeated as a water-color, showing how seriously he takes the art of etching, which to most of its modern practitioners is merely an amusement, when it is not a resource for "pot-boiling." The large plate of "Royal Bengal Tigers," which won a medal at the Paris Exposit-

tion of 1889, and which we reproduce in reduced fac-simile, is the final result of a whole series of studies and variations shown in the present exhibition. There is a water-color of the composition as it stands; a pen-drawing of the lapping tiger alone, with a back-



LIONESS WITH CUBS

ground of reeds, and a hilly distance with tufts of palms; an etching of the same with the head raised and the background of the pen-drawing slightly altered; another water-color, of the same tiger, with a background more like that of the present etching; and a pencil sketch from which the sitting tiger has been drawn, though the action is different.



ROYAL BENGAL TIGERS

It is not surprising that, with so much preparation, there is very little experimental work left to be done by the etcher upon the plates. He makes few false steps, and Mr. Keppel, in his interesting notice, assures us that, when he does, he prefers to destroy his plate rather than re-work it. Hence, there are none of those "states" which are the delight of the connoisseur and the bewil-

derment of the ordinary public. At the same time, there is very little of the fugue, the fancy, the caprice of an etcher like Buhot. Van Muyden takes his tigers, and goats, and monkeys upon his conscience, so to speak: he does not often play with his subject, or his technique, and only in a sober way. A satirical plate of an artist painting, and a crowd of monkeys watching his movements and trying to imitate his work, is the nearest approach to the fantastic in the exhibition. The attitudes and expressions of these various followers of the great man are extremely funny; but the satire is rather Hogarthian in its bitterness.

Van Muyden never confuses effects; and there are many little "tricks," legitimate enough in their way, of which he does not seem to care to avail himself. The modern sense of beauty in confused detail struggling into order seems to be lacking to him. There is, nevertheless, no sameness about his work; he has delightful little pictures in a light grey, silvery tone, like some of the open-air attempts of old Dutch etchers, in which everything is done by the needle; others in which the etched work is covered down by a single strong tint in the printing, for the sake of some soft light to be got by wiping away the ink, as on the breast and neck of the sitting tiger in the plate which we reproduce; in still others the burr raised by the needle is made use of to gather a quantity of ink and furnish deep velvety blacks like that of the background to his portrait. But these and other resources of the art are used with moderation and judgment, and the artist appears to owe nothing to those accidents that will occur, and which, to other etchers, are sometimes lucky.

M. Octave Uzanne, editor of *Le Livre* and *L'Art et l'Idée*, has written a biographical sketch of Van Muyden, which Mr. Keppel publishes in his catalogue. From this we learn that Evert Van Muyden, born at Albano, near Rome, in 1853, comes from a Dutch family that has lived in Switzerland since 1824. His youth was passed among artists, friends of his father, who is a well-known painter; and he developed early in life a love for rendering in rude sketches everything that presented itself to his observation. His first master in drawing was his father, and later in Paris he studied under Gérôme. Between the ages of twenty-six and thirty-one he lived in Rome. "From 1885 to 1892," says M. Uzanne, "this masterly etcher has produced no less than 244 plates, of unequal merit no doubt, but among them many that will suffice to render his name famous and which are worthy to be placed in the collections, both public and private, of the two continents."

Mr. Frederick Keppel, by whose permission we reproduce several examples of Van Muyden this week, has printed an interesting pamphlet on the painter-etcher and his work. In it he says:—

"We may guess by Van Muyden's portrait what manner of man he is. The likeness is a faithful one, and it shows us a studious, quiet and contented man, modest in his estimate of his own powers and very unlike the regulation type of the Paris 'rapin.' The witty Parisians have a nickname for everything, and very pungent slang expressions come in and go out from year to year; but the word rapin continues to describe the tribe of alleged 'artists' whose genius is loudly advertised by the wild eye, the long and untidy hair, and the general eccentricity of their attire. These gentry are very voluble and often even eloquent talkers, but their nerves are generally in such a condition of tension and exaltation that it is a wonder they live and retain their faculties even for as long as they do.

"The rapin has been introduced for purposes of contrast with Evert Van Muyden. It is in part the difference between the placid, serious man who smokes an honest pipe (as Carlyle and as Tennyson did) and the high-strung creature who keeps himself up on cigarettes, absinthe and black coffee. Our artist does not spend long hours daily and nightly at the Chat Noir, the Moulin Rouge, and similar nocturnal resorts where rapins most do congregate; but he is often to be seen in the quiet early mornings at the Jardin des Plantes or the Jardin d'Acclimatation absorbed in sketching or else in contemplating the fierce carnivora behind the bars, as they skulk from end to end of their prison or as they lie down with a far-away glare in their baleful eyes. He has even found out that these morose creatures soon learn to become attached to anyone who brings them a handful of fresh grass as a sort of salad to their daily meal of horseflesh."

Collectors of Van Muyden's etchings will be pleased to know that when his plate is finished, he prints a small edition of proofs with scrupulous care. "One of these," says Mr. Keppel, "is always reserved for the Art Museum of Geneva, which is making a systematic collection of his works. Other proofs are reserved for 'mes amateurs'—as he calls his private patrons in Europe; and what remain are placed in the hands of his publishers. But his facility of production is so great that instead of exploiting the same plate year after year, he prefers to limit the number of proofs of each to about twenty-five, and when his limit is reached he destroys his plate and makes a new one of some other subject. This, from the connois-

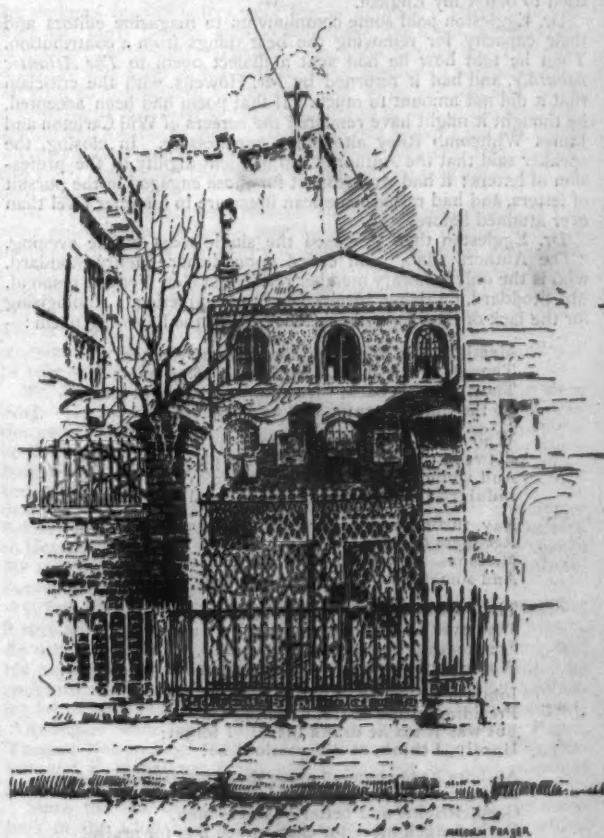
seur's point of view, is a refreshing system at a time when the London Printers' Association will stamp and guarantee three, four or five hundred 'artist's proofs' of a plate, and when the distinguished architectural etcher, Haig, will sign and publish as many artist's proofs of one of his."

"There exist in the cabinets of a few tasteful and wealthy book-lovers certain volumes whose value Van Muyden has increased a hundredfold by the numerous illustrations which he has sketched with the pen, India-ink or aquarelle on the broad margins of the pages, and he has done it with a fertility of invention, a refinement and a delicacy that would delight the fastidious soul of a member of the Grolier Club—or any other 'soul' that takes delight in what is beautiful, artistic and rare. Each one of these volumes is unique. The artist never illustrates more than one of a kind; and when we consider that the failure of even one such illustration, among fifty or more, would ruin the whole volume (remembering that these illustrations are not drawn on blank sheets of paper, but upon the blank margin of the printed page itself) we have a supreme illustration of Van Muyden's sureness of hand."

Van Muyden is a versatile artist, being not only an etcher, but a painter in oil and water-colors, and also something of a sculptor.

The Authors' Decennial Dinner

THE AUTHORS CLUB celebrated the tenth anniversary of its foundation by dining at the St. Denis Hotel last Tuesday evening,



HOUSE IN WHICH THE AUTHORS CLUB WAS ORGANIZED
NO. 103 EAST 15TH STREET

Feb. 28. The Authors have no President, but only a Chairman; and Dr. Edward Eggleston, who holds that office this year, occupied the chief seat at the main table. With him were Mr. Joseph Jefferson, George W. Cable, Col. Richard Malcolm Johnson, Parke Goodwin (to whom Mr. Stedman had resigned his seat), Richard Watson Gilder, Richard Henry Stoddard, Brander Matthews, Noah Brooks and Charles de Kay. At the other tables were seated the following-named members of the club:—Henry Augustin Beers, Marcus Benjamin, William Henry Bishop, James Thompson Bixby,

Alexander Black, Richard Rogers Bowker, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Clarence Clough Buel, William Carey, Andrew Carnegie, John D. Champlin, William Conant Church, Titus Munson Coan, George H. Ellwanger, William Hamilton Gibson, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, Ripley Hitchcock, William Dean Howells, Robert U. Johnson, Rossiter Johnson, David Bennett King, Leonard Kip, George Parsons Lathrop, Walter Learned, Charlton T. Lewis, Jonas Marsh Libbey, William H. McElroy, Henry Marquand, Albert Mathews, James Herbert Morse, Charles Ledyard Norton, Bernard F. O'Connor, Duffield Osborne, Thomas Nelson Page, George E. Pond, Horace Porter, David L. Proudfoot, George Lansing Raymond, Frank Dempster Sherman, F. Hopkinson Smith, Richmond Mayo-Smith, Alfred Butler Starey, Arthur Stedman, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Charles A. Stoddard, Francis Hovey Stoddard, Daniel G. Thompson, John C. Van Dyke, Charles Henry Webb, John S. White and Francis Howard Williams.

Calling the meeting to order at nine o'clock, Dr. Eggleston said:—"I am urged to set the talking going, though it seems to me the talking has been going on quite a while; but we Americans cannot possibly get on without speeches. We are like the ancient Hebrews at the Passover; they always ate their meat with bitter herbs. This club has changed the face of literature in the world of the metropolis. Ten years ago we scarcely knew where we were. We were segregated—separated, as it were. I do not know just who set the ball going. I know that Mr. Gilder asked us to his house. I am not sure but that the real work was set going by Charles De Kay. I draughted the constitution; he copied it and tried to better my English."

Dr. Eggleston paid some compliments to magazine editors and their capacity for removing the best things from a contribution. Then he told how he had sent a dialect poem to *The Atlantic Monthly*, and had it returned by Mr. Howells, with the criticism that it did not amount to much. If that poem had been accepted, he thought it might have rendered the careers of Will Carleton and James Whitcomb Riley altogether unnecessary. In closing, the speaker said that the Authors Club had lent dignity to the profession of letters; it had won respect for those engaged in the pursuit of letters, and had raised American literature to a higher level than ever attained before.

Dr. Eggleston then proposed the single toast of the evening, "The Authors Club," and called upon Richard Henry Stoddard, who is the only honorary member resident in New York, to respond. Mr. Stoddard, on rising, received a hearty greeting. Apologizing for the lack of time for preparation, he read the following poem:—

Meetings like this, dear comrades of the pen,
Though new with us, are old as lettered men;
They carry us back, three hundred years at least,
To the time of gentle Will and rare old Ben.

Who at the Mermaid Tavern loved to sit
Between the parts they filled, the plays they writ,
And while they set the table in a roar,
Indulged in combats of good-natured wit!

Nay, further teach; for many a learned tome
Recounts how, in the palmy days of Rome,
Mæcenas, Horace, drained the cups of wine,
And sometimes Virgil from his rustic home!

The poet in the days of good Queen Anne,
Whatever he was not, was a thirsty man,
Frequenting coffee-houses, Button's, Will's,
Where canes were wont to end what tongues began!

Johnson in Boswell's pages shall we see,
Presiding at the Mitre, drinking tea;
But was it tea he drank there? I forget;
Hardly, I think, so disputatious he!

Authors have changed since those old-fashioned days,
And grown more reputable in their ways;
Good citizens, and better business men,
Caring much more for cash, much less for praise!

No craft more honored, brothers, now than ours;
Nor like to be, if we but use our powers,
Such as they are, for wise and gracious ends,
More sharp than swords, more durable than towers.

Men look to us for service; let us then
Bestow the best we have, and are, on men;
They have had enough of swords. Put up the Sword!
The only rightful weapon is the Pen!

The next speaker was Col. Johnston, who spoke wittily and well, but did not take up even the ten minutes allotted to each of the orators. The distinguished Marylander was followed by Mr. John Burroughs, who had come from his Post Office at West Park, N. Y., with quaking knees to make his maiden speech, and illustrated

anew the well-known fact that the timidest speakers often make the greatest hits. His words were as follows:—

"I do not know that I have anything very pertinent to say. You could hardly expect a countryman and a farmer—an old fruit-grower like myself up the Hudson—to have very much to say on an occasion like this. You have heard the story of the old darkey who prayed for everybody he could think of and then added: 'Oh! good Lord, bless de people in the uninhabited portions of dis earth.' I come from the uninhabited portions of the earth. The snow has really made a desert of the upper Hudson region where I live. The only morning paper I have had for a long while has been the new-fallen sheet of snow, upon which the events of the night before were all recorded, if you had the eye to see them. But you will be very glad to know, I am sure, that the heart of nature is not frozen, notwithstanding the cold and the snow. Every night and morning I see the crows flying to and fro overhead, going to their feeding haunts and returning, and their voice is as cheery and reassuring as ever. As I heard somebody say, the crow never loses heart in its caws. Every morning they go toward Albany—whether to the Legislature, or not, I don't know—but they come back apparently well filled."

"The tender, baby-like things do not freeze; the larger and stronger often do. One morning on my way to the Post Office during a snow-storm I was astonished to find the surface of the snow covered with little brown worms or caterpillars. They were moving very slowly, and the falling flakes did not appear to touch them. They appeared to be everywhere. An old farmer to whom I pointed them out said they snowed down. And it did look so. Country people, you know, are always declaring that strange things rain down. May be, I said, the country people are right, and the men of science wrong. So I set out to investigate the matter. I went down upon the river where there was a broad expanse of snow, but no worm could I find. Then I went over a new field ploughed late in the fall, and no worms could I find there, but as soon as I struck grass lands there were the caterpillars. On my way to town, I saw them by the roadside 6 miles from home. I was much puzzled. I feared it was the forerunner of some terrible insect plague. Maybe it was the cholera microbe grown stout and getting himself hardened to our climate. At any rate, I gathered some of them up and sent them to Washington to Prof. Riley. He wrote back giving the name of the creature, and the name was longer than the worm. But the short and the long of it was, that it was a nocturnal moth related to the army worm, but its appearance under such circumstances was extraordinary. It had never been recorded before. A week or two later during another snow-storm the worms appeared again, not so numerous, but increased considerably in size."

"A few years ago an item went the rounds of the papers that the ice harvest was being much injured by ice worms. I thought I had found the creature. No, the tender baby things of nature do not freeze after all, unless it be human babies. In splitting wood one afternoon my axe liberated a handfull of large fat grubs, but they were not frozen, though the log in which they were engaged was full of frost. They must have been subjected to several degrees below zero. You will be glad also to know that the peach buds are yet all right. It is not merely a low temperature that kills the peach buds—it is inequality of temperature—a warm soil below and a cold wave above. This year the frost went into the ground early and went in deeply so that all movement of sap was stopped in the root. You will need to remember this, and when each of you gets a fruit farm and the snow falls 3 or 4 feet deep you will take your shovel and shovel it off from under the peach trees so as to let the frost in the ground."

"We keep warm in the country in winter by cutting our own wood. Thoreau, you know, says that where one cuts his own wood he gets the heat out of it twice. When I have been struggling indoors over a knotty problem all the forenoon, I find the best thing for me in the afternoon is to wrestle with a tough maple or hickory knot. With my steel wedge and ten-pound hammer I am easily the match for any knot I can find. But over the knotty problems inside my victory is not so sure. Sometimes I think I check 'em, but probably very often they are not even checked when I flatter myself they are riven asunder. How many problems each generation thinks it has reduced to kindling wood which the next generation finds as tough and unmanageable as ever. I wish I could speak some helpful and stimulating word to you as literary men. But I fear I cannot. Not long since, while in Boston, I listened to a discussion by a number of teachers and educators and artists, etc., of the art of being real. Many valuable and interesting things were said, especially as the question is related to school education. But the key-note of the art of being real was not struck. The key-note of the art of being real, as I take it, in art, in literature, in life, is to be yourself. And in this distracting age it is not so easy to be one's self as it might seem. There are ten thousand agencies and

influences at work to make us something else. Our fathers call to us from their graves to be like them. Our teachers, our favorite authors, call to us to be like them. A man must fight for his life. To the poet the air is full of the ghosts of the great poets which would enter into him and use him for their own purposes. I find it the hardest matter of all to get down to my real self and speak from that, instead of from some assumed or fictitious self, or from what books or custom has done for me. We all share in the general intelligence of the age, but we must speak from something deeper and more real than that.

"Then we live in an artificial world. The accumulations of modern civilization are enormous. A world of great potency and depth overlies the world of reality, especially does it overlie the world of man's moral and intellectual nature. Most of us live and move and have our being in that world and never dream but it is the world of God's own creating. Occasionally a man is strong enough to strike his roots down through it into real virgin soil. But when he does it, when a man like Whitman, or Tolstoi, or Millet strikes down into this real world, we cannot always stand him.

"One of our poets lately said that every poet would gladly reach back and keep in touch with his uneducated nature if he could. It is safe to say that his only salvation lies in doing so, for it is what we are primarily as men, and not as scholars, or writers, that counts in the long run. But I am beginning to preach, and when a man begins to preach it is time he stopped."

Mr. Burroughs was followed by Mr. Cable, who said, among other things:—"Southerners' utterances to the contrary, I am—after being first of all an American citizen—a Southerner, but I reside in a Northern town; moreover, a New-England town. And I can assure you that I came here, if not with the object, at least with the knowledge that I should find something to drink. Up in Northampton we have plenty to eat, but not enough to drink—that is, of the kind one finds here among congenial companions, you know. And this occasion brings me to a new appreciation—I don't say a larger one—but an entirely reconstructed appreciation of what has been wittily called the Pentologue. Doubtless some of you have heard it: 'Thou shalt not smoke. Thou shalt not drink. Thou shalt not play cards. Thou shalt not dance. Thou shalt not go to the theatre. On these five commandments hang all the law and the prophets.'

"It is pleasant to be where one can speak for a moment in this rebellious spirit. Count me heart and soul with the Authors Club forever. I like to be in the company of men like these gathered here in this spirit of good fellowship. It is a good fellowship in the experience of inspiration. The day has come when men have laid down the pen and hushed the voice and ceased their efforts for divine inspiration. But the day has not yet come when men have ceased to feel it. The canon is not closed while honest men and true lovers of God's truth, whether it be read on the leaves of the page or on the leaves of the forest, are ready to write for God's whole people. So I wish this club God-speed, and may the experience of everyone of us be such that we shall not need a definition of inspiration, but we shall all feel the moving of God's truth teaching us to speak in the lines of duty, that our solemn commission to furnish daylight to God's children may be fulfilled by every pen that is represented by a hand here to-night."

Mr. Jefferson followed Mr. Cable. His speech was as humorous as the characters he excels in playing. We give the larger part of it:—

"You know how dangerous it is for any man to wander away from the legitimate paths of his profession. I fear I have been over impertinent; I have even been rude enough to exhibit a picture; impertinent enough to write a book. I have become an author of one book, and the authors have kindly admitted me and invited me to their board. To-morrow night, or after to-morrow night, I presume that the orators will invite me to *their* board. I am ashamed of my presumption, and it would serve me very right if I failed to-morrow night. That will teach me better, and I shall extend the field of my operations no further, I assure you. But it is curious that there is one path in which the actor always wanders—he always likes to be a land-owner. It is a curious thing that the actors of England—and of course in the olden times, you must remember, that we had none but English actors in this country—as soon as they came here they wanted to own land. * * *

"Following and emulating the example of my illustrious predecessors, I became a farmer. * * * I was attracted by an advertisement, and I bought a farm in New Jersey. I went out first to examine the soil. I told the honest farmer who was about to sell me this place that I thought the soil looked rather thin; there was a good deal of gravel. He told me that the gravel was the finest thing for drainage in the world. I told him I had heard that, but I had always presumed that if the gravel was underneath it would answer the purpose better. He said: 'Not at all; this soil is of that character that it will drain both ways'—by what he termed, I think, cate-

pillary attraction. I bought the farm, and set myself to work to increase the breadth of my shoulders, help my appetite, and so forth. I even went so far as to emulate the example set by Mr. Burroughs, and split the wood. I did not succeed at that. Of course, as Mr. Burroughs wisely remarks, heat comes at both ends; it comes when you split the wood and again when you burn it. But, as I only lived at my farm during the summer time, it was quite unnecessary in New Jersey to split wood in July, and my farming operations were not successful. We bought an immense quantity of chickens, and they all turned out to be roosters. But I resolved—I presume as William Nye says, about the farm—to carry it on; I would carry on that farm as long as my wife's money lasted.

"The great mishap was when my Alderney bull got into the greenhouse. There was nothing to stop him but the cactus. He tossed the flower-pots right and left. Talk about the flowers that bloom in the spring—why, I never saw such a wreck, and I am fully convinced that there is nothing that will stop a thoroughbred bull but a full-blooded South American cactus. I went down to look at the ruins and the devastation that this animal had made, and I found him quietly eating black Hamburg grapes. I don't know anything finer than black Hamburg grapes for Alderney bulls. A friend of mine who was chaffing me for my farming proclivities, said: 'I see you've got in some confusion here. It looks to me from seeing that gentleman there—that stranger in the greenhouse—that you're trying to raise early bulls under glass.'"

Mr. Parke Godwin, who followed Mr. Jefferson, said:—

"I am very proud to see so many members of you society. It takes me back to the early days of literature in New York, when the eminent men-of-letters were few in number. There was the brisk and burly Cooper, who looked more like a sea-captain than an author; the modest and genial Irving, who always had a twinkle in his eye and a lisp in his tongue—who seemed to surround himself with an atmosphere of coldness, but when you had succeeded in penetrating this reserve you found him to be one of the most delightful and lovable of men. There was one whom I did not know—I mean Hawthorne,—himself so modest and shy that nobody else knew him except the editors of one or two magazines and his own family."

Mr. Godwin mentioned Halleck and Bryant as authors of the older times whom he knew, and dwelt on some reminiscences of those earlier days in the history of American literature. Ending his remarks he said:—"I hope that as the old generation of authors pass away the new generation coming forward to take their places will be worthy of their predecessors. I speak to you as an old man who is passing away, but I know that as the decay of nature is renewed by every springtime, so the greatness of our authors will be renewed by the new generation."

Mr. Andrew Carnegie was the next speaker. His remarks were brief. He said that he could claim no part worth mentioning in the great circle of authorship. He saw nothing in life worthy to be compared with those men who wrote in books the things which taught the masses of the people "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are of good repute." He declared himself wholly unable to attempt the rôle of entertainer before those teachers at whose feet he had himself sat, and declined to trespass further on their hospitality, except to express his thanks for the honorable association in their membership, and on this occasion of their good-fellowship.

It was late when Edmund Clarence Stedman rose to speak, but it was an affectionate greeting which he received from his friends. As usual, Mr. Stedman's thoughts were fresh and entertaining, and his expression of them was in his happiest vein. He closed by congratulating the club upon its existence of ten years, and its promising future after an infancy which seemed to indicate early dissolution.

Speeches were made at a late hour by Gen. Horace Porter, Thomas Nelson Page, William H. McElroy, George Cary Eggleston and F. Hopkinson Smith, and it was not till after midnight that the festivities came to an end.

Since the last catalogue of the Authors was printed, the members of the Club have published seventy works, a few of which, however, were announced in the list given therein.

The fullest report of the Decennial Dinner was given in Wednesday's *Tribune*.

"MR. JOHN S. KENNEDY of New York," says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "has raised an action in the Court of Sessions at Edinburgh to recover from Mr. James Stillie, bookseller, the price paid by him for the historical and Burns and Scott manuscripts, which, after being on view for two years in the Lenox Library, New York, were declared the other day by the British Museum authorities to be all, with one exception, forgeries. Mr. Stillie will be able to plead good faith, as all who know him are prepared to testify. The worst is that he himself can recover nothing, since the manuscripts were sold as papers which the vendor 'had been told' were valuable."

Mr. Jefferson's "Discourse on the Drama"

SOME TWO OR THREE years ago the ladies of the Summer Rest Society made an effort to induce Mr. Joseph Jefferson to deliver a lecture on the drama in this city, for the benefit of that deserving cause; but the distinguished comedian pleaded stage-fright, or something of the sort: he had often been asked to lecture, but had never been able to persuade himself that he had anything to say that would justify him in bidding the public come and hear him say it. The success of his Autobiography—one of the most delightful books of its kind written in this century—must have convinced him that the public disagreed with him as to the value of his *obiter dicta*; for on the 27th of last April he boldly addressed the Faculty and undergraduates of Yale College on the very theme on which he could not be tempted to talk to a metropolitan audience—the subject of one of the most interesting chapters in his book. As there has been no more finished artist on the American stage within the memory of living playgoers, so there has been none whose ripened views on the art of acting are worthier of consideration by members of his own profession; and as Mr. Jefferson is not only a perfect player and an accomplished painter, but a writer of natural gifts and an elocutionist of the rarest skill, even the professors and ball-players of Connecticut's ancient university were captivated by his delivery of the address. The *Tribune* of the following day contained a report of the affair, which would have been complete and accurate but for the omission of thirty or forty lines of the rhyming reply to Ignatius Donnelly's plea for the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare, and the incorrect printing of several others. The errors and omissions in this report were, however, rectified by the publication of the verses in full, as revised by Mr. Jefferson himself, in *The Critic* of the following week (May 7, 1892).

Having tried the experiment of facing an audience as an original speaker, and succeeded to admiration, Mr. Jefferson was quite prepared to give a favorable answer when asked by Mrs. Cleveland to repeat his "Discourse on the Drama" in New York, for the benefit of the Kindergarten Association, of which she is the First Vice-President. The appointed time was Wednesday evening last, March 1; and the announcement of the event, rendered still more interesting by the promise of the Hon. Carl Schurz to introduce the speaker, had the effect of drawing a full house to Carnegie Music Hall. Nor was anyone disappointed. As the veteran actor, personating not the graceless but graceful Rip, the blustering Bob Acres, nor the pedantic Dr. Pangloss,—the characters in which we are most used to seeing him,—but simply his own inimitable self, lightly laid down the law of his art, illustrating his rules and maxims with anecdotes that not only drove them home, but entertained while they illuminated, one felt that the lecture-room had lost at least as much as the stage had gained by the lecturer's devotion to the player's life. A more appreciative audience, too, it would have been hard to get together. Not a point, whether didactic or amusing, failed of its effect. And as for the reading of the grave-diggers' scene from "Hamlet," in which Mr. Jefferson and the late W. J. Florence made so great a hit at Wallack's Farewell Benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House, five years or so ago, it was one of the most delicious bits of acting that has ever proved "Rip's" pre-eminence in his profession. In it he may be said to have made his first appearance as a tragedian, for to help the illusion he recited Hamlet's lines as well as those of the digger.

The recitation of the player's Bacon-Shakespeare verses was only a further illustration of his singular versatility. The lines read amusingly enough, but gain a thousand-fold when delivered by the author, whose elocution would give point even to a verse that lacked it. One of the best things in the "Reply" is this, following a parallel drawn between the characters of Shakespeare, who, as a lad, is said to have stolen a deer, and of Bacon, who, as a judge, is known to have accepted bribes:—

If Shakespeare was so poor a piece of stuff,
How is it Bacon trusted him enough
To throw these valued treasures at his feet
And not so much as ask for a receipt?
Such confidence is almost a monstrosity,
And speaks of unexampled generosity.
Oh! liberal Francis, tell us why we find
Pope calling thee the "meanest of mankind."

The piece winds up with these two witty couplets:—

It surely is—"whoe'er the cap may fit"—
Conceded that these drollous plays were writ;
So if my Shakespeare's not the very same,
It must have been another of that name.

As Mr. William Winter declared, last April, in concluding his comment on the first delivery of this lecture, including the reading of these verses, "No actor ever gave a more decisive proof than Mr. Jefferson himself has this night afforded of the power that genius derives from the command of the resources of art."

Mr. Jefferson probably felt more at ease than he would have felt, had he not made a speech at the decennial dinner of the Authors Club, the night before. Yet even so, he said that he suffered from stage-fright—in fact, that he had never been free from it.

Mr. Schurz's introduction was a most felicitous one; and appropriately included a hearty commendation of the Kindergarten cause. After the lecture Mr. R. W. Gilder, President of the Kindergarten Association, said that Mr. Jefferson, who had appeared in many a lovable rôle, had now come forward in a new and still more attractive one—that of himself, the orator; and a multitudinous "Aye!" was given in answer to his request that the audience should vote as to whether the impersonation was a success.

On Friday evening of this week Mr. Jefferson was to repeat last Wednesday's lecture and reading in the ball-room of the Castleton Hotel, S. I., for the benefit of the Arthur Winter Memorial Library.

The Fine Arts

The Loan Exhibition at the Fine Arts Building

(THIRD NOTICE)

OF THE FOUR or five tapestries only one is worthy of much attention, but that is a beautiful piece of sixteenth (or, possibly, early seventeenth)-century Flemish work. It is very Italian in feeling. In the centre the Madonna is enthroned, with the child, under a rich Renaissance canopy with carved and painted columns. Of two emblematical figures to right and left, one sheathes a sword, the other proffers to the child a cup and a bunch of grapes. There are two groups of singers and musicians at a little distance, and beyond them rises a hilly and wooded landscape with farms and castles. This very beautiful piece hangs in the Chinese room; and, since we are back there, let us say that the most artistic of its contents of Chinese origin are in the case of objects of the "green" decorated porcelain, to which we have already referred. Their coloration of yellow, green and dull manganese purple is not very attractive, if compared with the splendid colors of the pieces in the largest of the cases, or with the delicate over-glaze decoration of the pretty eighteenth-century vases in the case marked H; but for spirited design, a certain union of beauty and character in the forms very rare in Chinese art, and for exquisite modelling of the parts in relief, there is nothing in the collection that approaches them. The curious little dragons that form the handles to the sacrificial vases (for many of these objects were intended for use in ceremonial observances) have as much the appearance of life as the best of the Barye bronzes, and justify the enthusiasm that De Goncourt professes for all of their race. The nearest approach in artistic merit is made by the two collections of blue and white at opposite ends of the room; but the most valuable of these pieces, a large blue "hawthorn" jar, owes its fame among collectors to the softness and depth of its color and the brilliancy of its glaze.

We have barely mentioned the most important of the modern paintings—the "Lion Hunt," by Delacroix—because, being "protected" by glass, it is difficult to give a proper account of it. The two examples of Rousseau, "The Charcoal-Burner's Hut" and the "Carrefour de la Reine Blanche," are also covered with glass, and, as all three are rather dark pictures, the reflections of passing visitors are more often to be seen than the paintings themselves. Committees should refuse to accept paintings that may not be exhibited without glass. There is, really, very little danger of their suffering the slightest injury in a hall lit by electric lights, dry and well-ventilated. This "Lion Hunt" was painted in 1858. In the centre of the composition an Arab who has been unhorsed gains a moment's respite by thrusting forward his cloak, which the enraged animal tears to pieces. Meanwhile, two mounted Arabs have galloped up and wheeled around, one armed with a lance, the other with a sword, and promise to engage the lion's attention. The lioness, coming to the rescue, is herself attacked by another party of horsemen. We do not know that lion hunts are ever really carried on in this manner, but Delacroix, having been in Morocco, should be a better authority than Rubens or Rembrandt, and his picture is, in any case, full of life, and motion, and color. It is one of several paintings by the artist of the same subject. A small and early, but none the less good, example is the Don Quixote which is hung in the opposite corner of the gallery. It was painted in 1825, and may be said to be the only satisfactory image of the crack-brained knight that has ever been put on canvas. The Don, his head bound with a towel, has been making a white night of it in his library. The floor and table are littered with books of chivalry, and he has the air of a man distracted and jaded after a debauch of the imagination. The dawn is beginning to show through the window, and his servants and friends have just burst in the door and are dismayed by the condition in which they find him. A picture of a "Horse Attacked by a Panther" is one of the many small paintings done by Delacroix to keep his hand in practice, but it has qualities that painters, at least, understand and admire. There must now be a sufficient number of Delacroix's pictures in the country to make, if

they were all brought together, an instructive special display. When another loan exhibition is undertaken, the Fine Arts Association, which has been so successful in securing examples of the English eighteenth-century school, will, we hope, try to make as good a show of works by this great painter of the present century.

Admirers of the antique fans are not a little puzzled by the catalogue. A fan with figures in Spanish costumes of about 1830, in grisaille enlivened with red, is set down as of the reign of Louis XV. And a small horn fan decorated with flowers is catalogued as "Louis XVI; pastoral scene, possibly French." Another collection of fans and antique laces in a rococo cabinet is not catalogued, which is possibly just as well. Still one can admire a beautiful fan even if the date assigned it is uncertain; and the fans at this exhibition are nothing if not beautiful.

We have left the few words that we have to say about Mr. French's colossal statue of the Republic to the last. The attitude is noble and imposing, and the arrangement of the drapery in front is admirably varied without loss of breadth. But the sculptor seems to have been very sparing of invention at the back of his figure. The few long folds of the mantle are without dignity because without character. This is to be regretted since, at Chicago, the figure will be seen as much from the back as from the front. To have clothed it in a sleeved tunic, without the mantle, would have answered in all respects as well, and better as regards the rear view. It is, however, a notable work, one of the few things done for the Fair which have real artistic merit, and which will deserve to remain as monuments of the occasion when the great show will be a thing of the past.

The Women's Art Club.

THE EXHIBITION of the Women's Art Club at Lanthier's gallery is even better than that of last year. It was a good idea to call upon the dealers to lend works by foreign artists, but, without making any concession to patriotism, we may say that the exhibition would still be a very interesting one if all such contributions were withdrawn. One of the most ambitious, and also one of the most successful pictures, is Edith Mitchell's "Noon"—an interior of a barn or granary with several figures resting—some in the sunlight that enters through a wide doorway; others in the shade. Everything is well studied in this picture, and the light, reflected from all quarters into the darkest corners, is rendered with a rare fidelity to Nature. A somewhat similar problem has been attempted by A. L. Gregory in "A Quiet Corner." The light, in this case, is sifted through the foliage of a garden before entering, through a narrow window, the white-washed interior, in which a Negro woman is seated near her fire. The effect of the greenish light upon her dark features is well given, but, in general, we feel it too much as color and not enough as light. Rosalie F. Gill's life-size and full-length portrait group, "The Orchid"; Julia T. Eidlitz's "Girl in White" (pastel); Wilhelmina D. Hawley's "Jacob and Kietrina," conversing at a window; and Clara W. Lathrop's "Study of a Head" (pastel) would make a creditable appearance in any collection of American paintings. Clara T. McChesney's "Mother and Child" was one of the best things in the late exhibition of the Water-Color Club. Landscape is well represented by Ida C. Haskell, "The River Maas"; M. Homans, "A Holland Dyke"; and Ellen J. Stone, "A Cloudy Day, Southampton." Many of the artists attempt the impressionistic way of doing things, with good results as to light and color; the boldest is the painter of "Noon," in a sketch called "Steam"; but to make a real success in this way, requires a facility in drawing and modelling which most of these bold experimenters, we venture to predict, will hesitate to sacrifice to anything else when once they have acquired it. In still-life and flower-painting there are charming studies of "Morning-glories" and "Double Poppies" by Emma B. Thayer, and some excellent works by Amy Cross, Esther L. Coffin and E. M. Scott.

"Twelfth Night" at Daly's

ALTHOUGH MR. DALY has expended much labor and money upon his elaborate revival of Shakespeare's delightful comedy of "Twelfth Night," and is entitled on that account to credit and gratitude, it must be confessed that the result is disappointing, inasmuch as the general richness of the setting excites expectations with regard to the acting which, unfortunately, are not always realized. The eye of the spectator is pleased continually by a series of glittering and attractive stage pictures, and by many evidences of artistic taste and profuse liberality in the matter of scenery, accessories and costume, but the intelligence is unsatisfied and the lover of the poet is forced to the conviction that more thought has been taken of the spectacle than of the play. If this representation had been offered at a minor theatre by a manager of smaller experience, capacity and accomplishment, it would have been worthy

of hearty commendation as an effort in the right direction, but Mr. Daly has earned the right to be judged by the highest standards, and his best friends will scarcely be bold enough to assert that he has approached that of Mr. Henry Irving, not to speak of others that have been set in this city.

It may be admitted at once, and readily, that in mere sumptuousness of decoration he has done all that could be expected reasonably of any manager. There can be no question of the costliness of his preparation or of the skill with which he availed himself, as a rule, of modern theatrical resources. It is true that his system of lighting is deficient, that he has turned night into day and day into night, that the sky illumination in the opening set is an impossible phenomenon, that his costumes belong to no one place or period and that his architecture is curious in more respects than one; but it would be unfair to insist too strongly upon such lesser points of detail as these, considering the fanciful nature of the work—which affords plausible excuse for license—and the fact remains that such sets as the interior of Orsino's palace, with its array of courtiers and musicians, the hall of Olivia's house and the garden scene are beautiful and striking, while the costumes are extremely brilliant and picturesque—sometimes, indeed, a little too brilliant as in the case, for instance, of Viola just fresh from shipwreck. In all these spectacular features of the entertainment there is much to praise and little to complain of, while the incidental music, all of which by the way does not belong to "Twelfth Night," is very sweetly and tastefully rendered, although occasionally in too slow time. But in the most vital part of the representation, the acting, this high level of excellence is not maintained. Correct as most of it is in form and detail it is sadly devoid of spirit or imagination. Miss Ada Rehan, when in her proper element, which is one of archness, or frolic or pretty petulance, is a most charming actress who need fear no rival; but in characters whose very essence is romantic, poetic and sentimental she is misplaced. Her defects are those of temperament, not of intelligence. Her delivery of verse is monotonous and unsympathetic, and her style of acting lacks the delicacy, refinement and grace necessarily associated with the heroines of poetry and imagination. In interpreting them she is compelled to restrain her own natural vivacity, which is her most potent weapon, and to substitute for it a colorless demeanor which is necessarily ineffective, and often dull. Her Viola, compared with the performances of such artists as Modjeska, Ellen Terry or Adelaide Neilson, was curiously insincere and unimaginative, except in those passages which gave something like free play to the merry mood in which she excels. She did not fail absolutely, of course—her experience as an actress and her natural charm as a woman prevented such a catastrophe as that—but most assuredly she fell very far short of success.

The most satisfactory performance was the Malvolio of Mr. George Clarke, which, although without the inspiration and distinction of Mr. Irving's masterful impersonation, was a humorous, consistent and exceedingly well-executed sketch. Mr. Lewis's Sir Toby was quaint and funny, but lacked breadth, vigor and unctious, and the carousal scenes passed very tamely. The Olivia of Miss Prince was an uncommonly meritorious bit of work, admirable in dignity and grace, and especially notable for good elocution. Of Maria's spontaneous and infectious humor Miss Catharine Lewis suggested little. The only other part deserving a word of special mention was the Orsino of Creston Clarke. Doubtless the general representation will improve with rehearsal, but the future of it will depend chiefly upon the scenery and the music.

"The Basoche"

"THE BASOCHE" is a genuine opera-comique, according to the French definition—one in which the denouement is happy and the dialogue spoken. The book is a tolerably good comedy, which has suffered the usual weakening in the course of adaptation. In the original the second act deals with matters which are not generally accepted here as subjects for general conversation. The adapter has tried to smooth over the objectionable passages, and has only partly succeeded. However, the story is interesting, and there are some amusing situations. The music, by André Messager, is very pretty, graceful and original. It is far and away above the great mass of operetta rubbish unloaded on the local public by the so-called "star" organizations. It is not of the kind that most hearers will remember and whistle after a first hearing, but perhaps that is something to be thankful for. The performance of the work on the first night was so weak that there is no hope for its continued popularity without great improvements in the work of the company. For some unknown reason some of them were woefully unfamiliar with the dialogue. It is time that this sort of thing was ended in New York. Whether this public is prepared to accept opera comique or not is, of course, a question. The annals of the local stage do not glisten with successes in this field, for New Yorkers

have never seemed to be so fond of opera comique as of operetta and opera-bouffe.

The Lounger

IT IS SAID that everything comes to America, sooner or later, and now something has come sooner than I, for one, expected. This is the manuscript of the "Poems by Two Brothers" (Charles and Alfred Tennyson), for which Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have just paid \$2100. I say that the MS. has come, but I don't mean precisely that: it will come very soon, however, as the purchasers have just closed their negotiations by cable. America is to be congratulated; and it is to be hoped that the newly acquired treasure will find its way before long to the Lenox or Astor Library. If New Yorkers have any pride or public spirit, they will see that it is kept here, and not sent to Philadelphia to be added to Mr. George W. Childs's famous collection of autographs.

THIS MOST INTERESTING manuscript consists of a volume of 76 leaves, originally bound in brown sheepskin but taken to pieces to print from. The inside of the boards of the volume is covered with writing. Five poems in continuation of the volume have been inserted, with a leaf of corrections, in all, 12 leaves, with rough pen-sketches at the back of three of them. The introductory poem, "Tis sweet to lead from stage to stage," is written on two leaves. A letter, without date, filling four closely-written pages, contains a list of 100 poems in the MS. volume designed to form the printed volume, and some remarks on the amount to be paid for the copyright. One leaf is given to the Introduction, dated March, 1827. A letter, without date, objecting to the initials C. & A. T. being put at the end of the Introduction, has a list of errata on the reverse.

"POEMS BY TWO BROTHERS" was printed upwards of 65 years ago (March, 1827), and as no portion of the volume has been reprinted, it is known only by name, or through the bibliographies. From the fact that neither of the two authors ever acknowledged his share in the authorship, it has hitherto only been possible to guess at the writer of each piece from resemblances in later writings. Since it passed into the possession of Messrs. Macmillan & Bowes of Cambridge, England, since the Laureate's death, they have determined in all but a few cases, they think, the poems that were written by each brother; there being 56 in the handwriting of Charles Tennyson, 51 in that of Alfred, and 6 which they have been unable to assign to either. Ten poems in the MS. have not been printed; 4 of these were in the original list sent to the printer, but afterwards crossed out. The Cambridge dealers also compared the MS. with the printed volume and found that there is hardly a poem that has not been altered, while in the case of some of the poems the variations between the MS. and the printed volume are numerous.

APROPOS of "The Poems of Two Brothers," Mr. Theodore Watts has a letter in *The Athenaeum*, in which he denies that the sum of 10*l.* was the price paid by Messrs. Jackson of Louth for the right to publish this now much-prized volume. "As a matter of fact, however," says Mr. Watts, "twenty pounds was the sum paid for the copyright, though, as the young poets took out part of that sum in books from Messrs. Jackson's shop, there is, thank Heaven! still room for speculation as to the actual number of sovereigns that passed into the bardic pockets, whose emptiness has also been made the subject of anecdote and inquiry. * * * In order for Tennysonians to gauge the growth of Tennyson's fame it will be necessary in the future for them to know that the sum paid for the copyright of this juvenile performance was 20*l.*, and that immediately after Lord Tennyson's death it was bought by his son for 230*l.*" Mr. Watts wrote before the MS. had again changed hands at almost double the price he records.

Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE has been "interviewed" by *The St. James's Budget* on her American experiences, and I must say that she speaks very well of a country that was not over-courteous in its treatment of her. She lays the non-success of her tour over here to the bad beginning at the Manhattan Opera House, which was entirely too large a place for the "performance of society plays." Sarah Bernhardt and Jane Hading made the same mistake when they appeared at Her Majesty's. "The public," she said, "complained in both instances that these artists were inaudible, while they on their sides found it impossible on so large a stage to obtain their usual effects. Here in London I can speak without raising my voice, with the knowledge that every word will be heard. At the Manhattan all the conditions were altered. I was constantly urged to act more broadly. 'I can't,' I answered, 'it is not in the play. I am willing to jump through hoops if my part admits

of it, but I am 'playing my part.' Philadelphia she found "charming," and Boston "simply delightful." New York did not impress her greatly as a city, and she wanted "to take it up and tidy it out." That is what we all want to do—or to get some one else to do for us.

"MY LAST *Critic* raises a doubt as to whether Robert Louis Stevenson is able to leave his bed or not," writes Mr. Poultney Bigelow from London under date of Feb. 4. "I admit that he richly deserves hanging for living on a coral spit at an infinite distance from anywhere; but that he has *not* met that fate—that he is alive and not seriously ill—I am assured by a letter just received from him. In it, however, he tells of miseries second only to ill-health. For instance:—'The ways of the Post Office in this quarter of the world are dilatory and mysterious. It used to be said of old that there was no God beyond the Cape. It is still true that there is no *Post Office*!' This letter bears date Dec. 28, and reads as that of a man full of plans and hopes." *The Athenaeum*, I may add, reports that the symptoms of pulmonary consumption that drove Mr. Stevenson to Samoa have entirely disappeared since he established himself there.

"IN A LETTER to *The Critic* of Sept. 3 last," writes Mr. Noah Brooks, "I described some of my curious adventures in search of the author of 'The Rainbow,' originally printed in a London magazine and subsequently reprinted in 'The American First Class Book,' edited by the Rev. John Pierpont. A correspondent, S. D. P. J., writing from Sycamore, Ill., informs me that the verses were written by Amelia B. Welby, whose poems were 'quite the rage' thirty-five years ago. If this be so, Mrs. Welby must have been very precocious. She was born in 1819. 'The Rainbow' must have appeared in London some time previous to 1823, as Mr. Pierpont's class-book was first published in that year when Amelia Coppuch (afterwards Mrs. Welby), was fours years old."

A FRENCHWOMAN of title who died recently left to M. Camille Flammarion, by will, the "skin from her beautiful shoulders," which he "so much admired." Her desire, so wrote her husband to the astronomer, in complying with her request, "is that you have bound in this skin the first copy of the first work that you shall have published after her death." At first M. Flammarion thought that he would send back the uncanny legacy; but, said he to a *Herald* correspondent, "on reflection I determined to carry out the wish of the dead woman, whom I remembered with pleasure. Accordingly I sent it to a tanner, who worked on it for three months, and he sent it back beautifully prepared. I have just had my last work—'Terre et Ciel'—bound with it. Here is the volume." The binding, adds the correspondent, is not only unique but exceedingly handsome. On it is stamped in gold letters the words:—"Souvenir d'une morte." Could such a thing as this happen outside of France?

Notes

THE OFFICE of *The Critic* will be removed to-day from 52 Lafayette Place to the Scribner building, 743 Broadway, whither it was removed to Lafayette Place three years ago, and whence it will be again removed next summer—this time to permanent quarters, probably in Fifth Avenue.

—The "Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier," now being prepared by his literary executor, will probably be published next fall. An unexpected amount and variety of interesting correspondence will come to light, and many errors will be corrected that are to be found in all previous biographies. Those who have letters of Mr. Whittier containing passages of public interest in their possession will confer a favor by communicating with Mr. S. T. Pickard, Portland, Maine.

—Buffalo finds just satisfaction in the invitation extended to Miss Jane Meade Welch to give a series of lectures at Cambridge, England, next summer, on "The Finding of the New World."

—Dr. Henry van Dyke's forthcoming book, "Straight Sermons: to Young Men and other Human Beings," is to be dedicated "to the memory of Phillips Brooks: a noble man among men, a faithful preacher of Christ, a true shepherd of souls." This dedication is the author's way (and an excellent one it is) of expressing his debt of grateful love to Bishop Brooks for the great kindness with which he welcomed a young Presbyterian into the staff of Preachers to Harvard University, three years ago.

—The editors of *The Century* have learned, since it was printed in that magazine for March, that the interesting account by Capt. Ussher of "Napoleon's Deportation to Elba" was very obscurely printed in Dublin in pamphlet-form in 1841. It must have had a very small circulation, and, in fact, when the manuscript was submitted to *The Century*, the family were not aware that any copy of

the pamphlet was in existence, nor that it was the same material, as they had merely heard that Capt. Ussher had once printed a brief account of the trip, as they believed for private distribution only. Its publication this month has brought into prominence a valuable and little-known historical document. In the magazine the journal is accompanied by a sketch and portrait of Capt. Ussher.

—Macmillan & Co. have in the press and will publish before long a new volume of stories by Rudyard Kipling, to be entitled "Many Intentions." "Mother Maturin" is said to be the title of the three-volume novel upon which Mr. Kipling has been at work for a long time.

—J. B. Lippincott Co.'s forthcoming publications include a third edition of John Bigelow's *Life of Franklin*; "John Gray," by James Lane Allen; "But Men Must Work," by Rosa Nouchette Carey, in their series of Select Novels; and "A Leafless Spring," by Ossip Schubin, done into English by Mary J. Safford. Messrs. Lippincott have just published a new edition of "Our Own Birds," edited by Edward J. Cope, with twelve new half-tone plates.

—Zola's new novel, "Docteur Pascal," is, we learn, fast approaching completion. The work deals mainly with the hereditary transmission of lunacy, vice and crime, and with the supposed antagonism of religion and science. Another question treated in the book is "Is Christianity played out?" "Dr. Pascal" will be published in this country by the Cassell Publishing Co. Zola, it would appear, professes the greatest disdain respecting the ultimate destination of his "copy." As a rule, his novels are despatched chapter by chapter to the printer without even being re-read, so that by the time he has written the word "Finis," the proofs of the great bulk of the work are already in his hands.

—Under the title, "A Wayside Harp," Miss Louise Imogen Guiney will soon publish a new volume of poems through Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Many of these have appeared in several periodicals, but have never before been printed. Those who are familiar with Miss Guiney's poems do not need to be told how varied in theme and treatment they are, nor how vigorous and melodious.

—President Haskell, of the Henry Bill Publishing Co. of Norwich, Conn., has made arrangements with Gail Hamilton for the immediate preparation of an authorized "Life of James G. Blaine."

—Mrs. Burton Harrison sails for Italy, *via* Gibraltar, to-day for a four months' outing. Mrs. Harrison has just finished a two-act play, called "Evergreens," for Mr. Felix Morris, who will produce it for the first time in Chicago in October next. The plot is founded on one of her "Belhaven" stories. Mr. Morris is fortunate in having secured for his starring tour a play by so clever and brilliant an author, and Mrs. Harrison is to be congratulated upon having her play in the hands of so accomplished and careful an actor as Mr. Morris.

—Mr. H. C. Bunner, the poet, novelist and editor of *Puck*, is going abroad for the benefit of his health, and will remain away six months or a year.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. announce for publication "Youth" ("La Jeunesse"), translated from the French of Chas. Wagner; "Thomas Jefferson," by James Schouler, and "Peter Stuyvesant," by Bayard Tuckerman, in the *Makers of America Series*; "Parliamentary Novels," by Trollope; "Belinda," by Maria Edgeworth; "Perchance to Dream, and Other Stories," by Margaret Sutton Briscoe; "A Singer from the Sea," by Mrs. Barr; "The Year-Book of Science for 1892," edited by Prof. T. G. Bonney; a novel, by Emily Howland Hoppin; and "The Tragedy of Mill River Valley," by Miss Finley.

—Verdi's new opera, "Falstaff," has been given in Milan with M. Maurel in the title-role, and, so far, the critics seem pleased with it.

—Mr. Walter Besant is writing for Messrs. Longmans' Educational Series a volume on the "Rise and Growth of London," treating of its constitutional history, the development of its trade, the present government of the city, etc.

—The Society of Authors has marked its sense of Mr. Walter Besant's services as Chairman of Committee (1885-92) by presenting him with a service of plate. The subscription was limited to a very small sum in order to admit as many members of the Society as possible, and nearly 400 joined in this expression of feeling.

—M. Octave Uzanne announces that, as he intends to visit the Chicago Fair, he will suspend for a year the publication of the monthly magazine *L'Art et l'Idée*, which he edits. Meanwhile, Emile Rondeau announces that he will publish in March the first number of a "revue documentaire illustrée mensuelle," *Le Livre et l'Image*, the art-editor of which is John Grand-Carteret, and the chief writers of which are to be, among others, Jules Adeline, Henri Houssaye Sardou and Yriarte.

—Mr. Zangwill, author of "Children of the Ghetto," is meditating a visit to the United States, it is said.

—The man who, it was announced at the recent dinner of the Harvard Club in Washington, D.C., had promised to leave \$2,000,000 in trust for Harvard University, is said to be Gordon McKay, the sewing-machine maker, a resident of Washington and Newport, who is now travelling in Egypt.

—Mrs. Henry Austin, who died last month, at seventy-eight, was a sister of Charles Dickens, and the only member of the family who lived to a green old age.

—Porter & Coates of Philadelphia will publish, on March 6, "Two Ways of Becoming a Hunter," by Harry Castleman, and "Facing the World; or, The Haps and Mishaps of Harry Vane," by Horatio Alger, Jr.

Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Boland, M. A. Handbook of Invalid Cooking. \$2. Century Co.
Bourget, P. Love's Cruel Enigma. Tr. by J. Gray. 30c. Waverly Co.
Branda, O. M., and Van Gleason, H. C. An Academic Physiology and Hygiene. \$1. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.
Cox, H., and Lascelles, G. Coursing and Falconry. \$3.
Crawford, T. C. Life of James G. Blaine. Edgewood Pub. Co.
Crawford, F. M. A Roman Singer. \$1. Macmillan & Co.
Currie, F. L. A Tiff with the Tiffins. 30c. Hunt & Eaton.
Denmore, H. The Maybrick Case. 25c. Stillman & Co.
Dickens, M. A. A Mere Cypher. \$1. Macmillan & Co.
Dorr, J. C. R. Poems. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
English Prose Selections. Ed. by H. Craik. Vol. I. \$1.10. Macmillan & Co.
Ford, I. M. Tropical America. \$2. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Ford, S. R. V. The King's Dominion. \$1 per 100. Hunt & Eaton.
Garland, H. Prairie Folks. 30c. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.
Hurlbut, J. L. Revised Normal Lessons. 25c. Hunt & Eaton.
Idle Magazine, The. Ed. by J. K. Jerome and R. Barr. Feb. 1893-93. 25c. a No. S. S. McClure.
Libby, M. F. Some New Notes on Macbeth. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

Methodist Year-Book for 1893. Ed. by A. B. Sanford. 20c. Hunt & Eaton.
Miller, E. H. The Story of Easter. \$1.55 per 100. Hunt & Eaton.
Mirkhond. The Ruzat-us-Safa. Part II. Vols. I. and II. Tr. by E. Rehatsek. Ed. by F. V. Arbuthnot. London: Royal Asiatic Soc'y.
Morse, E. S. A Curious Aino Toy. Salem, Mass.
Moulton, R. O. Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist. \$1.60. Macmillan & Co.
Pater, W. Plato and Platonism. \$1.75. Macmillan & Co.
Pollard, A. W. Chaucer. 35c. Macmillan & Co.
Robinson's New Primary Arithmetic. 18c. Am. Book Co.
Robinson's New Rudiments of Arithmetic. 30c. Am. Book Co.
Robinson's New Practical Arithmetic. 60c. Am. Book Co.
Ryland, F. Ethics: An Introductory Manual. 30c. Macmillan & Co.
Scott, W. The Black Dwarf and a Legend of Montrose. (Dryburgh Ed.) \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
Scott, W. Marmion. 30c. Am. Book Co.
Smart, H. Vanity's Daughter. 30c. J. A. Taylor & Co.
Thayer, J. H. Books and their Use. 75c. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Town Topics, Tales from. 30c. Town Topics Pub. Co.
Valera, J. Commander Mendoza. Tr. by M. J. Serrano. D. Appleton & Co.
Van Westrum, A. S. The Cousin of the King. 30c. Town Topics Pub. Co.
Van Dyke, J. C. Art for Art's Sake. \$1.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Vincent, J. H. The Story of a Letter. 30c. Hunt & Eaton.
Warren, E. W. The Bible in the World's Education. \$1. Hunt & Eaton.
Weismann, A. The Germ-Plasm. \$1.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Wendell, B. Were the Salem Witches Guiltless? Salem, Mass.
Willink, A. The World of the Unseen. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
Williams, D., and Ford, S. V. R. The Lifted Gates. \$2 per 100. Hunt & Eaton.

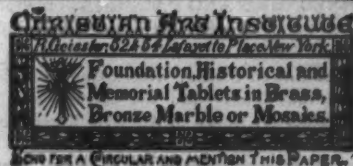


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